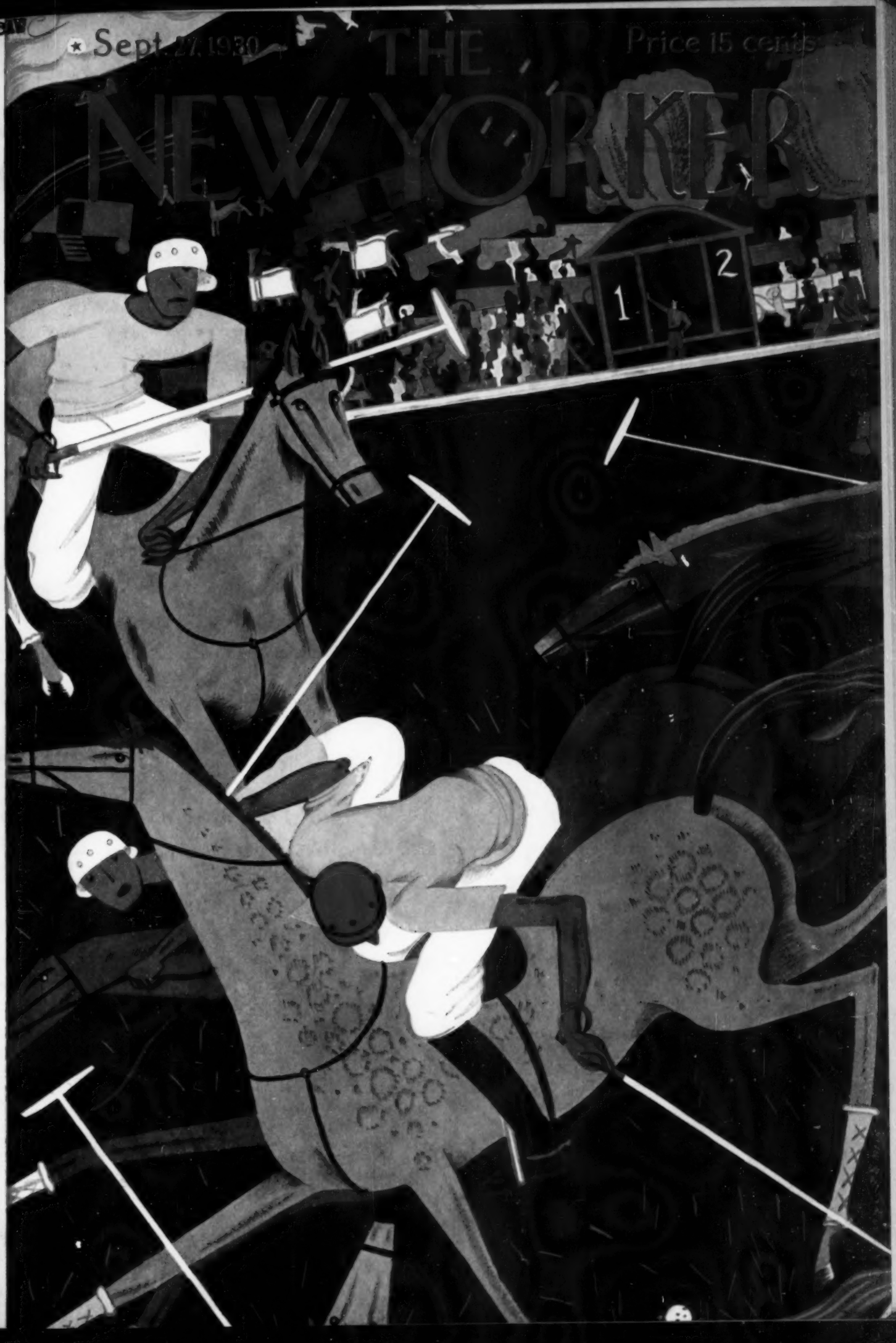
Sept. 27, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



Like Youth . . . those who bought the first cars are buying the Buick Straight Eight now!

Fashionable Youth and discerning Age agree whole-heartedly on the extra goodness of the new Buick Straight Eights. With their new Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engines, new Syncro-Mesh Transmissions and new Insulated Bodies by Fisher, these new Buicks combine beauty, performance and dollar-value which appeal to old and young, to men and women alike. It is difficult to imagine a car that could perform so smoothly and powerfully—shift so silently—and hold the road so perfectly as The Eight as Buick Builds It. This is the verdict of the elder generation and of the new. And they are confirming it by purchasing more Buick Straight Eights than any other car in Buick's wide price range!

FOUR SERIES		
$1025 to $1095	STRAIGHT 8	$1535 to $1565
$1285 to $1355		$1610 to $2035
ALL VALVE-IN-HEAD		

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories: McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ontario

THE EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

RISE, POLLY, RISE! DRY YOUR PRETTY EYES—

For the poor little rich girl, who never has enough money for all the clothes she wants, has found a new place to shop where garments are gay and prices are unimportant . . . the Debonair Shop on Hollander's seventh floor. . . . A seventh heaven for her budget!

L. P. HOLLANDER CO., 3 EAST 57 STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, AND EASTERN STANDARD TIME AFTER THAT DATE]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A pleasant, if not highly original, comedy by St. John Ervine, dealing with the wife who gets her first (and only) husband back. Grace George and A. E. Matthews make it what it is. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. Marc Connelly has written here the outstanding play of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

LADIES ALL—An ardent seeker discovers perfect love, but has to find who provided it. With Violet Heming and Walter Woolf. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE LAST MILE—What it feels like to live in the death house. A grim but powerful account of a prison revolt. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

LYSISTRATA—An adaptation by Gilbert Seldes of the frankly bawdy comedy of Aristophanes, in a beautiful production by Norman Bel Geddes. An excellent cast including Blanche Yurka and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE NINTH GUEST—Nothing that will hurl you out of your seat, but a fair enough tale of how six guests met their death in a penthouse. (Eltinge, 42, W.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. Second year on Broadway. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS—Ivor Novello's cross-section of two floors of a studio apartment, with some nice sentiment upstairs and some perfectly terrible comedy downstairs. Mr. Novello, Benita Hume, and Lilian Braithwaite are in it. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Mr. Frank Craven in an amusing comedy of his own making dealing with a houseguest who overstayed his time, and what thanks did he get? (Golden, 58, E.)

THAT'S THE WOMAN—There is no question here about who did the killing, as nobody really cares. In clearing the young man, however, A. E. Anson uses his knowledge of women, or rather Bayard Veiller's. (Fulton, 46, W.)

TOPAZE—A pleasant little play from the French, telling of a school teacher who finds the secret of business success. Frank Morgan excellent in the title rôle. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

TORCH SONG—Once more religion and love combine to make a big second act. Mayo Methot as the Salvation Army lassie who found out that a tambourine isn't the only thing in life. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

UNCLE VANYA—Chekhov's rather depressing "comedy" which Jed Harris has brought back to us in a fine production featuring Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, and Osgood Perkins. Distinctly worth seeing. (Booth, 45, W. Return engagement ends Sat., Oct. 4.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Life in Greenwich Village, where your friends know where the gin is kept. Some very amusing lines in the old setting of newly-married life. (Masque, 45, W.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Displaying, among other things, Mr. Carroll's genius for collecting good comics (Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly) as well as his penchant for collecting dirt. A costly show, with beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr throwing the audience into nightly convulsions, with Oscar Shaw to help the ladies sing the DeSylva, Brown and Henderson score. (Apollo, 42, W.)

THE GARRICK GAIETIES—Some dirty cracks at current characters, a few good song numbers, and laughs enough for one evening. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

NINA ROSA—A large, well-sung, well-developed musical comedy about Peru, with everything in excellent working order. Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry, and Armida, with a Romberg score. (Majestic, 44, W.)

THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW—This has the misfortune of having been preceded by the first "Little Show." Otherwise, it might have seemed better than it does. There is nothing particularly bad about it as it stands, however. With Al Trahan, Jay C. Flippen, and Ruth Tester. (Royale, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Harry Richman, and Yorke and King will be at the Palace Fri., Sept. 26. Gracie Fields, English comedienne, will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Sept. 27. (Palace, B'way at 47, 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

ROADSIDE—A play by Lynn Riggs, produced by Arthur Hopkins. Opens Fri., Sept. 26. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:40 P.M.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—Benn W. Levy's play, with Haidee Wright, Edith Barrett, and Guy Standing. Opens Mon., Sept. 29. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M.)

NINE TILL SIX—A comedy from London, with Auriol Lee and an all-feminine cast. Opens Mon., Sept. 29. (Ritz, 48, W. 8:50 P.M.)

ONE, TWO, THREE—A comedy by Ferenc Molnar, adapted by Sidney Howard, with Arthur Byron. Preceded by Molnar's one-act play, "Anniversary." Opens Mon., Sept. 29. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

MR. GILHOOLEY—Frank Elser's dramatization of Liam O'Flaherty's novel, produced by Jed Harris, with Helen Hayes and Arthur Sinclair. Opens Tues., Sept. 30. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:45 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

A FAREWELL TO ARMS—A dramatization by Laurence Stallings of the Ernest Hemingway novel, with Elissa Landi and Glenn Anders. (National, 41, W. 8:45 P.M.)

FINE AND DANDY—Joe Cook's new musical

(Continued on page 12)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE THEATRE	34
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	40
THE TENNIS COURTS	41
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS	46
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
PARIS FASHIONS LETTER	48
FEMININE FASHIONS	52
ABOUT THE HOUSE	53
YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN	57
THE RACE TRACK	60
THE CURRENT CINEMA	63
LONDON LETTER	65
A REPORTER AT LARGE	68
THE ART GALLERIES	71
MUSICAL EVENTS	75
RECENT BOOKS	78
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	79

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 8200

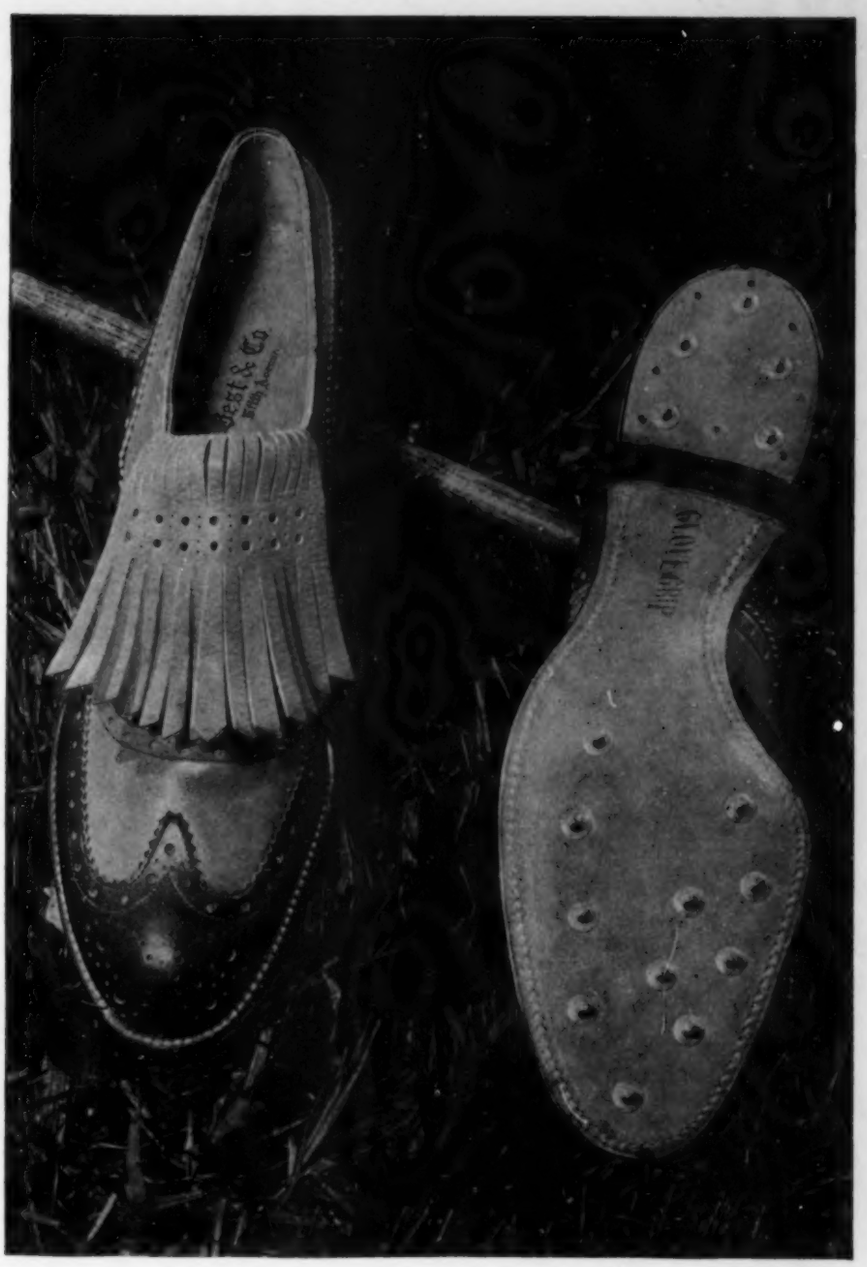
For better golf
and greater comfort

THE ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP GOLF SHOE

with spiked soles or the new Darex non-skid soles

12.50

Women's sizes
Men's sizes



4 Arnold Authentic models for women—3 for men. Any model may be had with either spiked or Darex soles

THIS is the golf shoe that ranks as one of America's most important contributions to the game. It is the shoe that is known to every golfer of note in the country, the shoe so many of them wear. It is observed in number at all tournaments. It is the smartest because so absolutely fitted to its purpose. It is the most comfortable because of its unique construction and many exclusive features, the glove-grip arch raises and gently supports the arch, allowing the foot muscles to flex normally. The spiked soles have spikes riveted in. The Darex soles, though smooth, are permanently non-skid, waterproof, lighter than leather, and longer wearing. Shoes are the only part of a golfer's costume that affect his game—Arnold Glove Grip golf shoes cannot help but improve your game.

On sale at good stores throughout the country, and in New York exclusive with

THE ARNOLDEAGLE
is recommended for Autumn golf in brown elkskin type leather. Also in two tone brown-and-tan. And in white with brown or black. Women's or men's sizes.

Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue

SUBURBAN STORES

Westchester at Mamaroneck Long Island at Garden City New Jersey at East Orange

THE ARNOLDOON
is the authentic brogue, with kiltie tongue, a favorite with women golfers. Imported calfskin in brown, or two tone brown-and-tan. Sizes 3 to 8½, AA to C

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 10)

show. Book by Donald Ogden Stewart and music by Kay Swift. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—A new play by Zoë Akins, with Muriel Kirkland. (Harris, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—A play by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, with Hugh O'Connell and Mr. Kaufman. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—After-theatre dancing in a Joseph Urban setting to music by Leo Reisman.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—Rosita and Ramon, Frances Maddux, and Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—An old favorite that has recently reopened. Dances by Cortez and Peggy. Must dress.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and blue-and-gold décor. Dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Reopens Wed., Oct. 1, with Rudy Vallée and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the more interesting night clubs of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and not for débutantes; and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with a big, noisy Broadway crowd, no cover charge, and an elaborate revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), will reopen Tues., Sept. 30, with Walter O'Keefe as master of ceremonies. . . . Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), reopens Sat., Oct. 4, with Hal Kemp and his orchestra. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

NOTE—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are playing in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.*

MOTION PICTURES

AFRICA SPEAKS—The wilds again, but with some new and startling scenes. (Globe, B'way at 46; performances continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The Marx Brothers full blast on a Long Island houseparty. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M. May close Wed., Oct. 1.)

THE BIG HOUSE—The best of the prison pictures; well recorded, but with a weak story. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—In spite of a tedious story, this is by far the best picture of aviation in the war. You see all the flying if you arrive at 9:20 and leave by 10:30—our advice. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A fine picture of R. C. Sherriff's play, with Colin Clive. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 2 and 3; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

LINCOLN—The familiar legend picturesquely presented, with a first-rate performance by Walter Huston. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

OLD ENGLISH—George Arliss as a splendid old scamp of an octogenarian. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

OUTWARD BOUND—Sutton Vane's play done over for the screen. And well done too. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, AND EASTERN STANDARD TIME AFTER THAT DATE]

RAFFLES—Ronald Colman mixing crime and cricket in an adaptation of the Hornung story. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 27-29; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

ROMANCE—The lovely Greta Garbo in the prewar drama of the opera singer and the clergyman. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 27-29; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "All Quiet on the Western Front," life in the trenches from Remarque's great novel; "Moby Dick," John Barrymore, and some fine whaling scenes; "Monte Carlo," a bright musical piece with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan, sauced and seasoned by Ernst Lubitsch; "Storm Over Asia," a Russian picture of an uprising among the Mongols, with striking and beautiful scenes.

OPENING OF NOTE

WHOOPEE—Eddie Cantor in the movie version of the Ziegfeld show. Mr. Cantor will appear and sing a few songs at the première. (Rivoli, B'way at 49. Opening Tues., Sept. 30, at 9 P.M.)

ART

BROUN—A candidate for Congress aids his campaign by his mystic expression in oil: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—Last three days of the Museum of Modern Art's summer show: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Sept. 28.

METROPOLITAN—An important Manet, from the Chester Dale collection, is now on view for the first time in this country in Gallery B-19 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Havemeyer collection may still be found in Galleries 20-25. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

NEWCOMERS—Some lesser-known contemporary Americans in a new fall show: 6th floor, Macy's, B'way at 34. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

MUSIC

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—First concerts of season, Erich Kleiber conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 2, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 3, at 2:30; and Sat. Eve., Oct. 4, at 8:45.

ON THE AIR

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK—Contralto soloist, with orchestra: Sun. Eve., Sept. 28, at 8, over WJZ.

ELLIOT SHAW—Baritone soloist in Atwater-Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Sept. 28, at 9:15, over WEAF.

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Verbrugghen conducting: Mon. Eve., Sept. 29, at 9, over WABC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Sept. 29, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Sept. 30, at 9:30, over WABC.

PHIL BAKER—Also Shaw and Lee, in "Going Places:" Mon. and Fri. Eves., Sept. 29 and Oct. 3, at 7:45, over WABC.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Army vs. Boston University: Sat. Aft., Sept. 27, at 2:30, over WABC. . . . Southern Methodist vs. Notre Dame: Sat. Aft., Oct. 4, at 3, over WABC.

NOTE—The World Series will be broadcast by WABC, WEAF, and WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds at 3 P.M.: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27 and 28. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . The first games of the World Series will be played in Shibe Park, Philadelphia, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 1 and 2, at 2:30 P.M.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at end of this item.)

Sat., Sept. 27, at 2:30 P.M.—Yale vs. Maine, New Haven. . . . Army vs. Boston University, West Point. . . . Columbia vs. Middlebury, Baker Field (3 P.M.). . . . N.Y.U. vs. Hobart, Ohio Field. . . . Fordham vs. Baltimore, Fordham Field. . . . C.C.-N.Y. vs. Long Island University, Lewisohn Stadium.

Sat., Oct. 4, at 2:30 P.M.—Yale vs. Maryland, New Haven. . . . Princeton vs. Amherst, Princeton (3 P.M.). . . . Harvard vs. Vermont, Cambridge. . . . Columbia vs. Union, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. West Virginia Wesleyan, Yankee Stadium. . . . Fordham vs. Buffalo, Fordham Field.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Ohio Field, University Ave. at 181: take East Side subway to 180 St. . . . Fordham Field: take 3 Ave. "L" to Fordham Rd. or N.Y.C. train to Fordham Sta. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St. or Bus No. 5. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for West Point, from W. 42 St. ferry, West Shore R.R., 1:15 P.M.; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:20 P.M.; for Cambridge (Boston), from Grand Central, 8:25 A.M.

GOLF—National Amateur Championship; Merion Cricket Club, East Course, Ardmore, Pa., last two days, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 26 and 27.

HORSE SHOW—Piping Rock Horse Show, Locust Valley, L. I., Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 2-4.

HUNT RACES—Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, on the estate of F. Ambrose Clark, Westbury, L. I., Sat. Aft., Sept. 27. . . . Westchester-Biltmore Steeplechase Association, Bowman Park, Rye, N. Y., Wed. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 1 and 4, at 2:30. (Special train leaves Grand Central at 1:10 P.M.)

POLO—Waterbury Cup match, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Sat. Aft., Sept. 27, at 4.

RACING—Aqueduct track: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Sat., Oct. 4. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Sept. 27.

OTHER EVENTS

RADIO SHOW—Last two days of the Radio World's Fair: Madison Square Garden, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 26 and 27. Open 2 to 11 P.M.

MEN AND MACHINES—An exhibition of machines, models, etc., grouped to show the progress of the last 150 years: Museum of Science and Industry, 4th floor, 220 E. 42. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AUCTION—Christopher Morley's collection of first editions, original manuscripts, rare pamphlets, etc.: Union Sq. Book Shop, 30 E. 14, Tues. Aft., Sept. 30, at 2.

NOTE—Daylight Saving Time ends Sat. night, Sept. 27. Go to bed an hour later, but first set the hands of the clock one hour to the *left*.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE conviction that nothing palls as quickly as jollity settled on us bitterly the other day when a friend gave us one of those anthologies which are always being brought out, presumably for men only and adolescents. It was full of wassail, bacchanalians, bowls flowing with sack and posset, the printable verses of Burns, tributes to My Lady Nicotine, and stein songs written long before there were any wicked *Kaffeeklatschen* in Maine. We find that no sane adult can get past three pages of that sort of thing. It reads as hopelessly duffer as the condescending Bohemianism of Thackeray, one of the pets of the compilers. Even when one comes on a rousing, whacking old bit such as "Back and side go

bare, go bare," one cannot help remembering that it was written by John Still, the good bishop of Bath and Wells. Without a glass in hand this sort of thing strikes the ear dolefully like drunken antics observed in sobriety, and with a glass in hand one can make one's own songs, and quite as good. The chief trouble with jollity is that you can't put it up in cans.

OUR captious little suggestion that there ought to be an express highway eliminating the Borough of the Bronx was seized upon by the Bronx *Home News*. Seized upon and approved. The Bronx, it appears, would like to be eliminated. The people of the Bronx dislike mingling with Westchester motorists just as much as Westchester motorists dread the long ghoulish ride through the Borough. With such unanimity of opinion, it's a shame something can't be done. Our advice to the Bronx is to give up its attempt to make the

Grand Concourse any worse, let bygones be bygones, and start building a road instead of tearing limb from limb the only one in existence.

EVEN after all this time we remain fascinated by the electric sign which keeps scuttering around the Times Building, giving us all the news that's fit to bulletin. We know beforehand what most of it is going to be: three times out of four as we pass in the purple dusk, watching at the risk of getting mashed by a taxi, it is publishing baseball returns, stock-market data, or the announcement that reading the *Times* is a liberal education. This last statement has travelled more miles than Lindbergh, right on these four walls. The job-lot news is enthralling, however. It is best to watch from the northwest, where you see the narrow north end. This confuses you much more than would trying to run around the building to catch up with the caboose of a bulletin. From

here you get the sense of hopeless confusion which is the soul of civilization. A disaster is born and passes from west to east at the reading pace of a Hoboken movie audience, as Briand, or Smith, or Hoover sedately parades up from south to north and falls off into oblivion at the corner of the building. One tries to imagine what world-astonishing holdup of a Bronx delicatessen is slipping south-east-by-south on the other side, and feels close to the mystery of existence. One waits; it is as comforting as following one line of printed type the width of a newspaper page. One knows the world is moving, no matter whither.

THERE is a kind of slow contentment to be got by pondering on happiness, and on the difficulties in the way of achieving it. The material hazards seem to increase all the time.

New York is full of sand traps, chief among them being the laxative effect this town has on the spirit, causing it to move too freely. On account of the time it takes to get to and from the race track and the trouble involved in getting theatre tickets, a man discovers that it's almost impossible to have any free-moving fun any more, the sheer mechanics of it are so hard. He must get parked before the simplest gesture, get unparked after it. All his progress is in little sprints and starts; he is no sooner catching up to happiness than he meets a red light. The other day we were looking through the Guggenheim Foundation lists, and in them we thought we detected the true happy spirits. Take the typical case of Dr. Ora Stanley Duffendack,

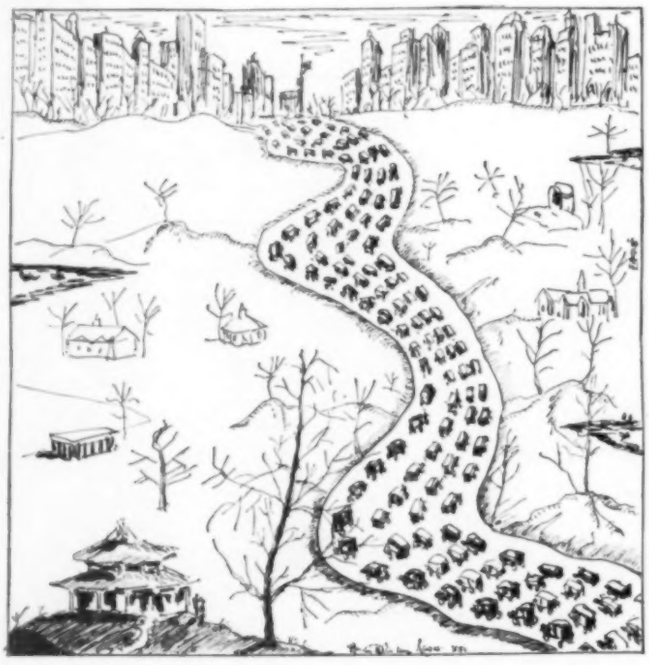
assistant professor of physics in the University of Michigan: he has dedicated himself to "an investigation of molecular impact phenomena in gases and the relation of these to the excited states of molecules and the chemical binding of their atoms, chiefly in Göttingen." In a sense, examining the excited states of molecules is our own occupation; but ours seems to lack the simplicity of Dr. Duffendack's dedication of spirit—and we doubt if we are as happy as he, or even as good.

Naughty, Naughty

A SILENT, thinking man was riding up in the elevator of his hotel the other evening, on his way to relax before dinner. Another passenger was a woman with a huge German police dog. The dog with one bound playfully knocked the man down. The woman's refined, soft laughter rippled out. "Peteh, darling," she said, "how often must I tell you not to romp in the lift?"

Function

UPON invitation, we attended the opening of the High Top Golf Club on the roof of the Hotel White at Lexington and Thirty-seventh last week. We were handed a scorecard on which was printed the statement that we were attending the birth of the most exclusive golf club in the world. This was supported by the explanation that the High Top Club is exclusively for guests of the Hotel White. We were then presented in rapid succession to Fred Astaire, the dancer; Tullio Carminati, who has the change of heart in "Strictly Dishonorable;" and Prince Matchabelli. It was explained that Miss Adele Astaire was coming, too. She didn't show up, however, so a Miss Lowits was pressed into service as a substitute before the newspaper photographers, who were present in numbers. She whacked a ball, with Mr. Astaire as background. Mr. Astaire then whacked a ball, with her as background. Prince Matchabelli and Mr. Carminati then hit the ball, both with dignity. A representative of the management gave a little talk. "In the shadow of the tallest skyscrapers in the world," he said, "with each hole named after a neighboring skyscraper, the Hotel White opens its Tom Thumb golf course, the highest in the world." So the highest Tom Thumb golf course in the world was opened. The news-reel-theatre people didn't send a camera around. Somebody told us the movies have decided to ignore Tom Thumb golf; cuts into their business too much.



Surprise

WITH the hint of fall in the air, a gentleman dropped into a downtown sporting-goods store to buy a new cartridge. The store's only other patron at the moment was nosing around in the department consecrated to Bowies, Sabres, Swords, etc., and so labelled. He was not picking them up and feeling them across his thumb the way the rest of us do, though. Instead he sampled them by sticking them down his throat. "What the you-know?" asked the gentleman after the cartridge. "Sword-swallower," explained the clerk. "Comes in every year about this time, just before the country-fair and carnival season starts. Don't know his name. Somehow, I never quite liked to ask him."

Biggest Ship

YOU may have noticed that the Leviathan and the Majestic have both been advertised by their owners as "the largest ship in the world." Well, it's an argument that has been going on for years, and a pretty tangle. Lately we fell in with a maritime expert and he took us right to the bottom of it, and here are the facts, if we've got them through our heads correctly:

The Majestic is about eight feet longer than the Leviathan; the Leviathan is about two and a half inches wider than the Majestic. These measurements don't count so much, however, as the tonnage figures. Gross tonnage is what counts, in determining the size of a ship for registry—and talking purposes. Now, a ton in this instance has nothing to do with weight. It is a unit of space-measurement. This kind of a ton is one hundred cubic feet. To get the gross tonnage of a ship you divide the total cubic feet of its interior by 100. The Majestic's registered gross tonnage is 56,621, the Leviathan's 59,957. That, you might think, settles the dispute in favor of the Leviathan, but, ah, no! there are catches. It's a matter for the decision of government inspectors whether certain spaces on a boat are counted as interior or not—wheelhouses, bakeries, skylight domes, glassed-in promenade decks, and so on.

In 1925 Dr. Foerster, the German engineer who designed both boats, was asked to rule on which was the larger. (The Majestic, you will remember, was the Bismarck, and the Leviathan the Vaterland.) He said then that if the Majestic were measured on the same basis as the Leviathan it would be the larger. Our own marine expert says that the Leviathan has been overhauled several times and that, for all he knows, some new windows have been put in, or something like that, and the Leviathan now *is* the larger. He says he really doesn't want to get into the argument, because he doesn't want two big boats after him.

Net tonnage—in case the subject comes up in conversation and you don't want to be embarrassed—is gross tonnage, minus the non-earning space on a steamship, such as the crew's quarters, the engine-room, and fuel-storage space. Displacement tonnage is the actual weight of water displaced by a vessel, and there are two kinds: "light," which is the displacement

"We have ideas. Possibly we tilt at windmills—just seven Don Juans tilting at windmills."

• •

of the ship itself, without cargo, stores, or fuel; and "heavy," which is the displacement of the ship with them. Deadweight tonnage is the difference between "light" and "heavy"—the deadweight of whatever the ship carries.

Opportunity

KENNETH MACGOWAN, as you may know, is planning a production of "Twelfth Night" for this fall. News like this gets around, as he discovered the other day when he received a letter from a Hollywood firm of playbrokers, named simply The Cohens. Mr. Albert J. Cohen signed the letter, and it read: "If the play which you have in rehearsal now, 'Twelfth Night,' has any picture possibilities whatsoever, and you would be interested disposing of it for that purpose, if you will send us a manuscript, together with the selling price, we shall be very glad to give it our immediate attention."

Visitors

THE tour of the fifty-odd British lawyers—oop! barristers—who visited the United States was painstakingly planned and handled from start to finish, but it was not without incident. Before they left England each member of the party was given a printed set of advice and instructions for his guidance in a strange country. The first three items, for instance, were: "(A.) Gentlemen will kindly have loops on their trousers since braces are not looked upon with favor in the United States. (B.) It is the custom for ladies and gentlemen to occupy the same Pullman in the United States. (C.) Gentlemen invariably rise when a lady enters the room in the United States."

It was under these instructions, and similar ones, that they started out to do America, including New York. One afternoon they descended on Wall Street, half a hundred men in gray top hats, spats, and cutaways. One of the instructions was that they wear formal dress both afternoon and evening. Thus garbed, they inspected the Bank of the Manhattan Building, and its tower, attracting quite a bit of attention. On the evening of this day they were taken to Coney Island. Full evening dress startled the yokelry there, especially as the party marched around after a band provided by the New York entertainment committee.

One story about the barristers is that, while visiting Chicago, they started off in a procession of automobiles, and that when one of the cars backfired, most of them flung themselves upon the floors of the tonneaux. History may discredit this as apocryphal, but not a happening in Buffalo. At a banquet there, Sir William Bull, leader of the delegation, responded to a speech of welcome, winding up with a peroration on the hospitality of the city and the beauty of its women, concluding: "It is not too much to say that this beautiful and hospitable city of Baltimore will be forever enshrined in our hearts."

Literary Note

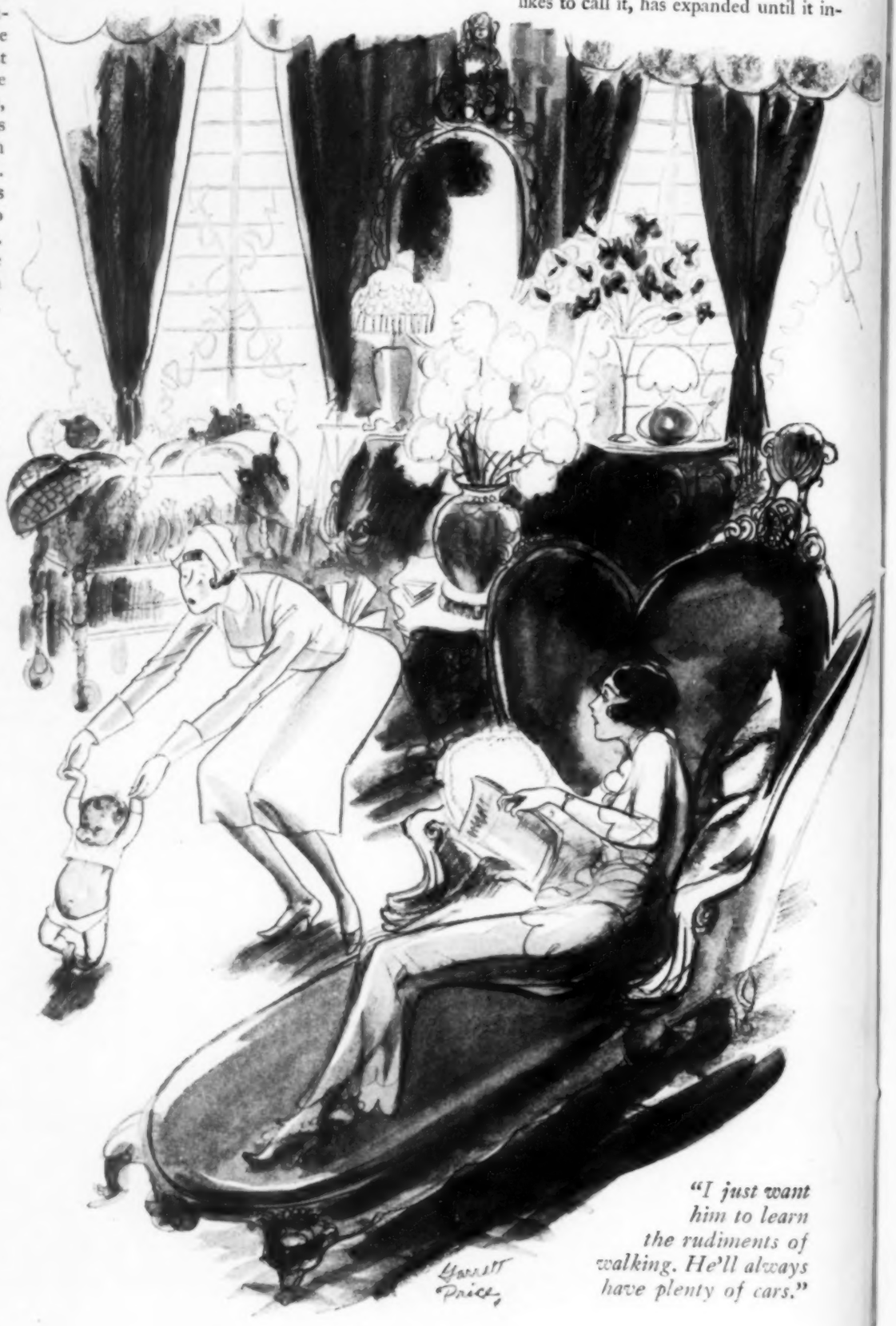
ONE of the guards on the uptown platform of the Times Square subway station occupies himself during the

waits between trains by leaning against a comfortable slot machine and reading from a small leather-bound volume he produces from his pocket. An inquisitive young lady, pretending to consult the slot-machine mirror, peeked over his shoulder and found the volume to be Milton's "Paradise Lost." She has managed to steal a glance at the book almost daily since then, to see how he is getting on, and now reports to us that he gets through about a canto a day. The other guards don't know what to make of the fellow. Even the men on the downtown platform are beginning to talk.

For Proof

WHENEVER crimes are committed in this vicinity, you will usually find a quiet, earnest gentleman, Mr. Aubrey J. Drummond by name, around soon after, taking photographs. It's his business, and one that his father started away back in 1879. It was in that year that the courts first ruled that photographs could be introduced as evidence in trials, the epoch-making snapshot being one of a tombstone, taken by Mr. Drummond the elder, and offered as proof that some man upon whose demise much depended was really dead. For that matter, the family has always been pioneering in something or other, usually connected with photography. William H. Lewis, great-grandfather of the present head of the house, set up the first daguerreotype studio in the United States in 1839, which was only three years after M. Daguerre himself had begun work in Paris. The same Mr. Lewis and his son-in-law, the first of the Drummond clan, together worked out the first bellows camera, and patented it in 1844. The present Mr. Drummond can show you the patent papers, taken out in England, a large and imposing document, beginning "Victoria by the Grace of God," and carrying a seal almost as big as a dinner plate.

Nowadays, the business of "evidential photography," as Mr. Drummond likes to call it, has expanded until it in-



"I just want him to learn the rudiments of walking. He'll always have plenty of cars."

cludes all kinds of cases, from forgery to murder, and the studio at 47 Fulton Street forms a kind of compact museum of the crimes of the past. You can pore over glass cases containing photographs of Willie Stevens' thumb-prints, or a disputed signature of Jack Dempsey's, or study Ruth Snyder's clumsy attempts to imitate her husband's writing which are mercilessly exposed by a tremendous photographic enlargement. Other cases give a kind of chronological history of the work of the family, ranging from the earliest daguerreotypes, very blurred and smoky-looking, on down to the finest modern prints. In the far end of the room is the original Lewis and Drummond camera, a huge affair, suspended by a system of ropes from the ceiling. A tradition of the family has it that Mr. Lewis' daughter made the bellows for it out of one of her own black bombazine petticoats. The camera is still in daily use; Mr. Drummond says he has never seen anything to better it for accuracy and clear definition.

It was a photograph taken by this ancient machine that saved Harry Hoffman, accused of the murder of Mrs. Bauer on Staten Island. Mr. Drummond was called in on the case, became convinced of the man's innocence, and even after Hoffman's first conviction kept right on working on it. He finally succeeded, by his photograph, in proving that the fatal bullet could never have been fired from Hoffman's gun. The thing Mr. Drummond is proudest of, however, is how he got the photographs of Doctor Wilkins' fingerprints. Doctor Wilkins, you may remember, was convicted in 1919 of having beaten his wife to death with a piece of lead pipe. The prosecution had the lead pipe, with the print of a left forefinger on it, but couldn't manage to get a clear print of Doctor Wilkins' finger to compare with it. The law is that the police have no right to fingerprint a mere suspect, and Dr. Wilkins' lawyer saw to it that they didn't. The prosecution was up a tree but, at last, as the prisoner was actually on the stand testifying, one of the court attendants, carefully coached beforehand, offered him a glass of water. He took it, with his left hand, and left his fingerprint in a preparation got up by Mr. Drummond.

Astronomical

DURING the height of the week-end rush, one Saturday afternoon recently, an information clerk in the booth at Grand Central Terminal suddenly found himself confronted by a small boy, pale, a little confused, and anxious. "Mister," he demanded, pointing upward to the ceiling, "please, can ya tell me where is the Big Dipper?"

Rod and Reel

PERHAPS you don't realize it, but big-game fishing is becoming about as popular near New York as it is in Florida and at Catalina. It's only two years ago that Mr. Oliver C. Grinnell, the lithographer, caught the first broadbill swordfish ever taken in the North Atlantic with rod and line. Now there's a club on Block Island, the Atlantic Tuna Club, and talk of another at Montauk Point. A number of fishermen are out in these waters regularly. W. K. Vanderbilt usually stops off for a day or two whenever he is in the neighborhood. Others who fish there are H. F. Wickwire, the steel man; Preston Sturges, who wrote "Strictly Dishonorable;" Frank Cheek, of the Maxwell House Coffee; George A. Fuller, the builder; Dean Smith, who was one of Byrd's aides; Van Campen Heilner; H. W. Chadbourne. Mrs. Chadbourne fishes too; a week or so ago she landed a thousand-pound shark, off Block Island. Mayor Walker went out once, but it didn't turn out so well. There was a report that he had stranded on a sandbar. Police boats and airplanes went searching, in the midst of which the Mayor returned, unharmed. Said he hadn't been stranded at all; was just a bit late getting back.

Everything is arranged much as at Catalina or Key West. There are a dozen or so guides scattered between Montauk, Beach Haven, and Block Island, running parties and renting boats for the day. Each boat has a couple of swivel chairs for a pair of fishermen at the stern. The rest the fisherman furnishes himself—rod, line, shoulder-harness. Mackerel is the bait usually used, and sometimes small kites are attached to the line—to make the bait jump about in the water more, which interests the fish. Fish are usually found about ten miles out at sea. Once hooked, it takes anywhere up to four hours to land one. The biggest swordfish so far caught around here weighed four hundred and thirty pounds; it was taken last summer by Charles L. Lehman. W. C. Boschen took the biggest tuna so far—four hundred pounds, off Sea Bright. Incidentally, the world's record for swordfish is one thousand and forty pounds. Zane Grey landed this one, only this summer, at Tahiti.

Fishermen get prizes for their catches, in addition to pictures in the newspapers. Flags flown from the launches returning from a day's fishing indicate the kind of catch. Later, the fish is weighed and duly registered, whereupon the successful fisherman is authorized to wear a little button in his coat lapel, its color and design varying with the kind of fish taken and the class of tackle used. Other people may not know what the button stands for, but any angler of game fish will, and will be envious. As for the fish itself, sometimes it's cut up in chunks and distributed among friends; sometimes it's given to the guide as a kind of bonus. Tuna and swordfish are very good eating, and sell for as much as thirty cents a pound. Most sharks are inedible. This is beside the point, however; it's the kudos.

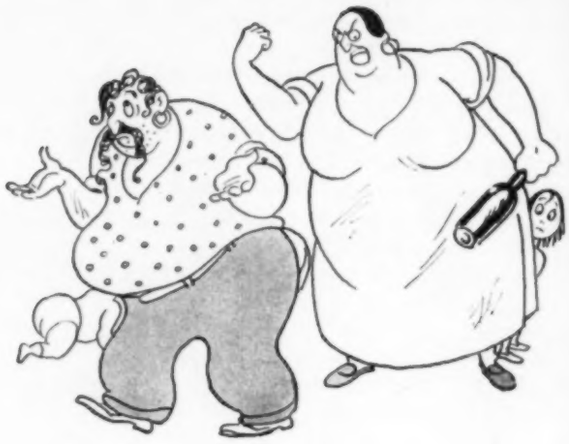
Another Racket

A FRIEND of ours came upon something new in the way of street beggars the other day, in Fifth Avenue. He was held up by crosstown traffic at a corner when a young fellow next him uttered a commiserating cluck, and pointed out a lame old man, painfully hobbling through the crowd toward them. Pityingly he speculated on the poor old fellow's plight and when he neared them accosted him and encouraged him to tell his story. It was a heartrending one, and at its end the young man forced five dollars on him. Following his leadership, so did our friend. He was glad of it too, and felt happy all afternoon, or at least until, making his way back along the Avenue, he came upon the same old man telling the same sad story to the same young man, and an unknown third person.

—THE NEW YORKERS

1

2



3

4

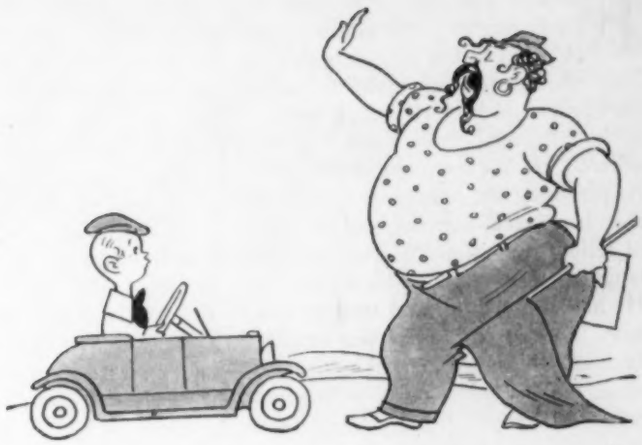
5

6

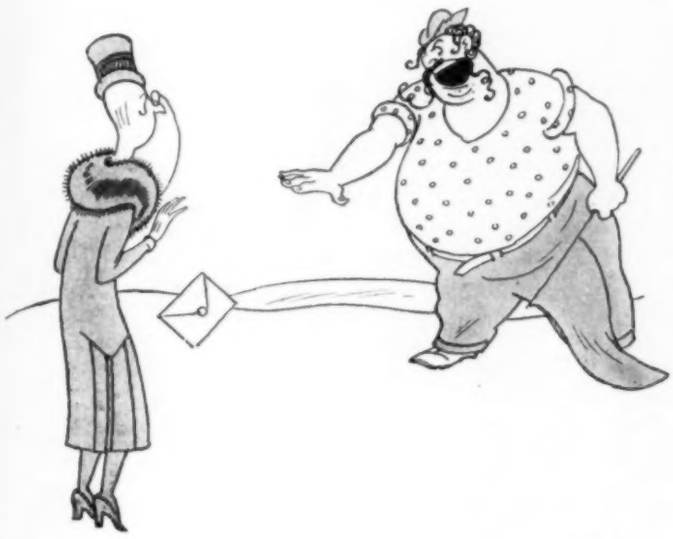
UP FROM THE DEPTHS

7

8



9



10

11

12

THE YOUNG PRIEST

FATHER VINCENT SULLIVAN was only one of three curates at the Cathedral but he had been there long enough to understand that some men and women of the parish deserved to be cultivated more intimately than others. He had some social talent, too. At the seminary, four years ago, he had been lazy, good-natured, and very fond of telling long funny stories, and then laughing easily showing his white teeth. He had full red lips and straight black hair. But as soon as he was ordained he became solemn, yet energetic. He never told stories. He tried to believe that he had some of the sanctity that a young priest ought to have. At his first mass, in the ordination sermon an old priest had shouted eloquently that a very young priest was greater and holier and more worthy of respect than anyone else on earth. Father Vincent Sullivan, hearing this, couldn't believe it entirely, but it gave him courage even if it did make him more solemn and serious.

But he still had his red lips and his black hair and his clear skin and a charming lazy drawling voice, which was very pleasant when he was actually trying to interest someone. Since he had so much zeal and could be so charming he was a good man to send calling upon the men and women of the parish, seeking donations for various parish activities. The really important people in the congregation like Mrs. Gibbons, whom he bowed to every Sunday after eleven-o'clock mass, he hardly ever met socially; they were visited usually by the pastor, who sometimes even had a Sunday dinner with them or a game of cards in the evening.

FATHER SULLIVAN had a sincere admiration for Mrs. Gibbons. Her donations were frequent and generous. She went regularly to communion, always made a novena to the little flower, St. Teresa. And sometimes in the summer evenings, when he was passing down the aisle from the vestry and it was almost dark in the Cathedral, he saw this good woman saying a few prayers before the altar of the Virgin. Of course he hardly glanced at her as he passed down the aisle, his face grave and expressionless, but he thought about her when he was at the door of the church and wished that she would stop and talk to him, if he stayed there, when she passed out. She was the kind of a woman, he thought, that all the priests of the parish ought to know more intimately. So he did happen to be near the door when she passed and bowed gravely, but she went by him and down to the street hardly more than nodding. She was a large, plump, well-kept woman walking erectly and slowly to the street. Her clothes were elegant. Her skin had been pink and fine. It was very satisfactory to think that such a well-groomed, dignified, and competent woman should appreciate the necessity of strict religious practice in her daily life. If he had been older and had wanted to speak to her he could readily have found some excuse, but he was young and fully aware of his own particular dignity. Honestly, he would rather have been the youngest priest at the Cathedral at this time than be a bishop or a cardinal. It was not only that he always remembered the words of the old priest who had preached his ordination sermon, but he realized that he sometimes trembled with delight at his constant opportunity to walk upon the altar, and when hearing confessions he was scrupulous, intensely interested, and never bored by even the most tiresome old woman with idiotic notions of small sins. It exalted him further, even if it also made him a little sad, to see that older priests were more mechanical about their duties, and when he once mentioned it to Father Jimmerson, the oldest priest at the Cathedral, the old man had smiled and sighed and said it was the inevitable lot of them all, and that the most beautiful days of his life had been when he was young and had known the ecstasy of being hesitant, timid, and full of zeal. Of course, he added, older priests were just as confident in their faith, and just as determined to be good, but they could not have the eagerness of the very young men.

One evening at about nine o'clock when Father Sullivan was sitting in the library reading a magazine, the housekeeper came into the room and said that someone, phoning from Mrs. Gibbons' house, wanted to speak to a priest.

"Was any priest in particular asked for?" Father Sullivan said.

"No. The woman—I don't know who she was—simply said she wanted to speak to a priest."

"Then I'll speak to her, of course," Father Sullivan said, putting aside his magazine and walking to the telephone. He was delighted at the opportunity of having a conversation with Mrs. Gibbons. He picked up the receiver and said "Hello."

A woman's voice, brusque, practical, said "Who's that?"

"Father Sullivan," he said encouragingly.

"Well, I'm Mrs. Gibbons' sister-in-law, and I'm at her house now. Things have come to a pretty pass around here. If you've got any influence, you ought to use it. Just at present Mrs. Gibbons is broken up thinking she's going to die and she's been howling for a priest. There's really nothing wrong with her, but if you've got any influence you ought to use it on her. She's a terrible woman. Come over and talk to her."

"Are you sure?" he said a bit timidly.

"Sure of what?"

"Sure that you're not mistaken about Mrs. Gibbons."

"Indeed, I'm not. Are you coming?"

"Oh yes, at once," he said.

He put on his hat and mechanically looked at himself in the hall mirror. Then he glanced at his hands, which were perfectly manicured and clean. His collar was spotless. The blood showed through his clear skin and his lips were very red.

As he walked along the street he was a little nervous because the woman had sounded so abrupt, and he was wondering uneasily if Mrs. Gibbons really was a terrible woman. There had been some rumors of a certain laxity in her life since her husband had either disappeared or deliberately gone away some time ago, but the parish pastor had shrugged his shoulders and spoken of scandalmongers. Insinuations against the good name of Mrs. Gibbons, who, they knew, was one of the finest women of the parish, were in a measure an insinuation against the Church. Father Sullivan had decided some time ago that Mrs. Gibbons was really a splendid woman and a credit to any community.

IT was a short walk from the Cathedral to Mrs. Gibbons' home, a big old house. A light was in the hall. A light was in the front room upstairs. Father Sullivan paused a moment at the street light, looking up at the house, and then walked quickly up to the door,

feeling clean, aloof, dignified, and impressive, and at the same time vaguely eager.

He rang the bell. The door was opened wide by a woman, slim, brightly dressed, florid-faced, and with her hair dyed red, who stepped back and looked at him critically.

"I'm Father Sullivan," he said apologetically but seriously.

"Oh, yes, I see."

"I believe Mrs. Gibbons wanted to see me."

"Well, I don't know whether she knows you or not," the woman added a bit doubtfully. "I'm her sister-in-law. I'm the one that phoned you."

"I'll see her," he said with a kind of grave finality as he stepped into the house. He felt cool, dignified, and important.

"I mean that I was going to talk to you first," the red-headed woman said. "She's a tartar, you know—only it just happens that she feels broken up now about something, and it's time for someone to give her a talking to."

"I'll talk to her," he said. Really he didn't know what he was expected to say.

The slim woman walked ahead upstairs and Father Sullivan followed. The door of the front room was open and the slim woman stood looking into the room. The light shone on her red hair. Father Sullivan was close behind and followed her into the room. Mrs. Gibbons was lying on a divan, a brown kimono thrown loosely around her. One of her plump arms was revealed as she held her head up, resting on her elbow. Her plump body was hardly concealed under the kimono. She looked depressed and unhappy as though she had been crying. When she saw Father Sullivan she didn't even open her mouth, just shrugged her shoulders and held the same dejected expression. The red-headed slim woman stared at her alertly and then glanced at Father Sullivan, who was bending forward trying to attract Mrs. Gibbons' attention while he got ready to speak in his slow, drawling, and pleasing voice. But then he noticed a beer bottle on the table close to the divan. Mrs. Gibbons was now looking at him curiously, and then she smiled slowly. "Can't ask you to have a drink, Father," she said. She was obviously thinking what a nice young fellow he was. Then she started to laugh a little, her whole body shaking.

"I thought you wanted to talk to him, Jessie," the other woman said.

"Oh, I don't think I do."

"But you said you wanted to."

"Oh, Father won't mind; will you, Father?"

"Go on, talk to her, Father," the

"I want you to do Leon next. He has to go to the doctor's today."

red-headed woman said impatiently. "I've had a row with her and I've been trying to tell her what a trollop she is. She's low, if anyone ever was. Now tell it to her."

IF Mrs. Gibbons had started talking to him Father Sullivan might not have been embarrassed, but as he looked at her, waiting, and saw her stretched out so sloppily and noticed again the beer bottle on the table, he felt he was going to hear something that would disgrace her and the parish forever. She kept on looking at him, her underlip hanging a little, her eyes old and wise. The red-headed woman was standing there, one hand on her hip, her mouth drooping cynically at the corners. They were both waiting for him to say something. In the darkness of the confessional it would have been different, but now Father Sullivan felt his face flushing, for he couldn't help thinking of Mrs. Gibbons as one of the finest women of the parish, and there she was stretched out like a loose old woman. He tried to hold his full, red, lower lip with his white teeth. He felt humiliated and ashamed and they were both watching him. His nervous embarrassment began to hurt and bewilder him.

"If I can be of any assistance—" he muttered, feeling almost ready to cry.

They didn't speak to him, just kept on looking at him steadily and he had a sudden nervous feeling that the red-headed woman might go out and leave him alone with Mrs. Gibbons.

Some words did actually come into his head, but Mrs. Gibbons, sitting up suddenly, stared at him and said flatly: "Oh, he's too young. How do you expect me to talk to him?" Then she lay down again and looked away into the corner of the room.

"À moi, Ginsberg, à moi!"

THE sister-in-law took hold of Father Sullivan firmly by the arm and led him out to the hall. "She's right about that," she said. "I thought so from the start."

"There are some things that are hard to talk about, I know," he said, flustered and ashamed. "If in her life . . . I mean I have the greatest faith in Mrs. Gibbons," he said desperately. "Please let me go back and talk to her."

"No. I sized up the situation and know that once she got talking to you she'd pull the wool over your eyes."

"I was just about to say to her—" Father Sullivan said, following her downstairs, and still trembling a little. "I know she's a good woman."

"No, you're too young for such a job. And she hasn't the morals of a tomcat."

"I ought to be able to do something."

"Oh no, never mind, thanks. She's got over the notion she's going to die. I could tell that when she shrugged her shoulders."

"But please explain what she wanted to say to me," he said. "I respect Mrs. Gibbons," he added helplessly.

"It's no use—you're too young a man," the woman said abruptly. "You wouldn't be able to do anything with her anyway."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm awfully sorry," he kept on saying. She had hold of his arm and was actually opening the front door. "Thanks for coming, anyway," she said. "We've been rowing all afternoon and I told her plenty and I wanted someone else she respected to take a hand in it."

"I'm very sorry," he said. "Was she feeling badly?"

"Pretty badly. I came around here, as I do about once a month to give her a piece of my mind, but she was all broken up. Something got into her."

"Something must have happened, because she's a fine woman. I know that."

"You do, eh? Her daughter Margaret has gone away with her young man Peter. They must have had an awful row here late last night."

"I didn't know the daughter very well," the priest said.

"No? Well, it looks to me as if old Jess wanted to know Peter too well. That was the trouble. When I came around here she was lying down half dressed looking at herself in a hand mirror. What's the matter with her? She's got to grow old some time. Thanks, though, for coming. Good night."

"Good night. I'm sorry I couldn't help her."

As he walked down the street he had a feeling that the woman might take him by the arm and lead him down to the corner.

IT was a mild warm night. He was walking very slowly. The Cathedral spire stuck up in the night sky above all the houses in the block. He was still breathing irregularly and feeling that he had been close to something immensely ugly and evil that had nearly overwhelmed him. He shook his head a little because he still wanted to go on thinking that Mrs. Gibbons was one of the finest women in the parish, for his notion of what was good in the life in the parish seemed to depend upon such a belief. And as he walked slowly he felt, with a kind of desperate clarity, that really he had been always unimportant in the life around the Cathedral. He was still ashamed and had no joy at all now in being a young priest.

—MORLEY CALLAGHAN

•

TO A CAT

If Peace and Silence could arise
And walk, and look with living eyes,
And Night her starry cross descend
And stretch herself and be my friend
For shrimps and beef—I'm certain
that
They'd be yourself, imperial cat!

You shame of all your jungle sires,
Of tiger-lords and panther-squires,
Well may these mighty warriors spare
To my distress your royal air—
I to my species, you to theirs
Apostate in adjoining chairs.

Here in this little room we dream
Amendments to the primal scheme:
You in your feline terms, of ease,
Catnip, and such urbanities;
I, of a jungle strength to dare to
Smite the three-score ills I'm heir to.

—SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

NORTH AMERICA IN FERMENT

SOUTH AMERICAN CONTAGION SPREADS

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22 (OP)—President Hoover last night abruptly relinquished his office as President of the United States, delegating the powers of Chief Executive to Vice-President Charles Curtis. President Hoover said he had had enough. "I've had plenty," said the President.

Washington was in an uproar instantly. Students rioted around the central part of the city, dragging a white marble horse of Hoover's through the streets at the heels of a horse bearing a large placard reading "For Shame!" [Telegram garbled in transmission—ED.] Some citizens paraded through the streets carrying effigies of Walter Johnson, apparently under the impression that the Washington ball club had won the American League pennant. Sirens, auto horns, and bugles were blown. Someone fired off an old Civil War cannon in Lafayette Circle, the shot carrying away part of the left leg and forearm of the bronze statue of Kosciusko across the square. The foreign citizens of the district retaliated with an effort to put Colonel Ramskiosko, a printer and former army officer, into office. Colonel Ramskiosko, who speaks little English, did not understand what was wanted of him and fled. "Whatsa matta? Whatsa matta?" Ramskiosko declared.

The White House guards, several of them garbed in their old Civil War uniforms, beat off an attack by police who in turn beat off an attack by U.S. Marines, under command of General Smedley D. Butler. General Butler announced himself as President. His action was later denied, and a report was current that Hoover had not resigned, but was fast asleep.

CORTEZ RUSHED INTO MEXICO

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 23 (OP)—Sidney Grauman, owner of the largest chain of movie theatres on the West Coast, tonight displayed large banners on the front of all his buildings, reading "Keep Cool with Grauman!" Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios denied a rumor that they were trying to force Ricardo Cortez, movie actor, into the office of President. Cortez fled to Mexico, or rather was spirited away in a closed car. "What the hell is the matter?" he asked, not having heard of the resignation of Hoover or his own reported candidacy for the office.

HORSEMEN CARRY NEWS

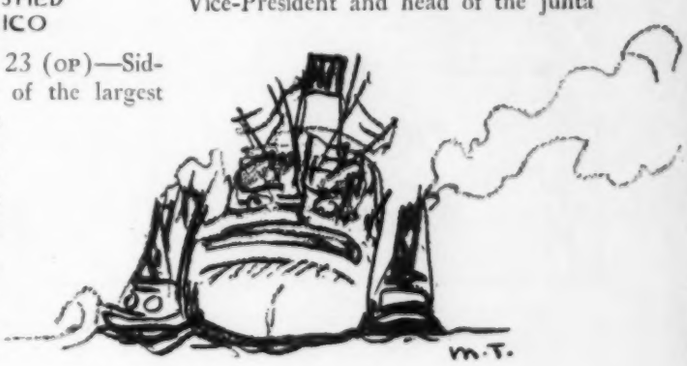
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24—Horsemen set out from here today to carry the news to Boston of President Hoover's resignation. They shouted as they went, "Hoover has quit! A Mr. Curtiss, or Custice, is President! Long live President Custice!" By the time they had reached Boston, the name of former Vice-President (now junta President) Curtis had been variously distorted into Koenitz, Krementz, and Koehler, which only served to add fuel to the general complications of the national dilemma. Students rioted in the streets.

"NO SIEGE," SAYS COOLIDGE

NORTHAMPTON, Sept. 25—"When the citizens of a commonwealth rebel, the commonwealth may be said to be in a state of rebellion," declared former President Calvin Coolidge today, when informed that President Hoover was missing and that students were rioting. "Do you think a state of siege will exist?" Coolidge was asked. "A state of siege is one in which some force or other is laying siege to something," declared Mr. Coolidge. "Unless this condition exists, a state of siege does not, and cannot, exist." In spite of the former President's words, rioting broke out. The local police of Northampton beat off the state police, who, reinforced by units of the Massachusetts National Guard, attempted to seize the Coolidge home.

CUSTICE REPORTED AT BORDER

EL CRISTO, MEX., Sept. 26 (OP)—Vice-President and head of the junta



Charles R. Custer was refused admission to Mexico when he tried to cross the border here late tonight. Students instantly attacked the shopkeepers. Police fired on the rioters. Mayor Gomez, hearing the racket, fled without waiting to find out what was the matter. He later wired back to the American consul from Sonora, asking what had happened. The consulate refused to make any statement.

BULLETIN

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27 (OP)—President Hoover was still missing at a late hour tonight. He was reported trying to make his way to a cruiser in Hampton Roads. No one ventured to predict his future.

—JAMES THURBER

DILETTANTE

IN more normal times Montgomery would have been a collector. Not, of course, the sort of person who is concerned with such matters as leases, electricity bills, or the dues of delinquent brothers Moose, but rather one of those rather charming people who litter up their pockets and their apartments with old postage stamps, Ming vases, Sheraton bureaus, and whole series of Cape Cod fire-lighters.

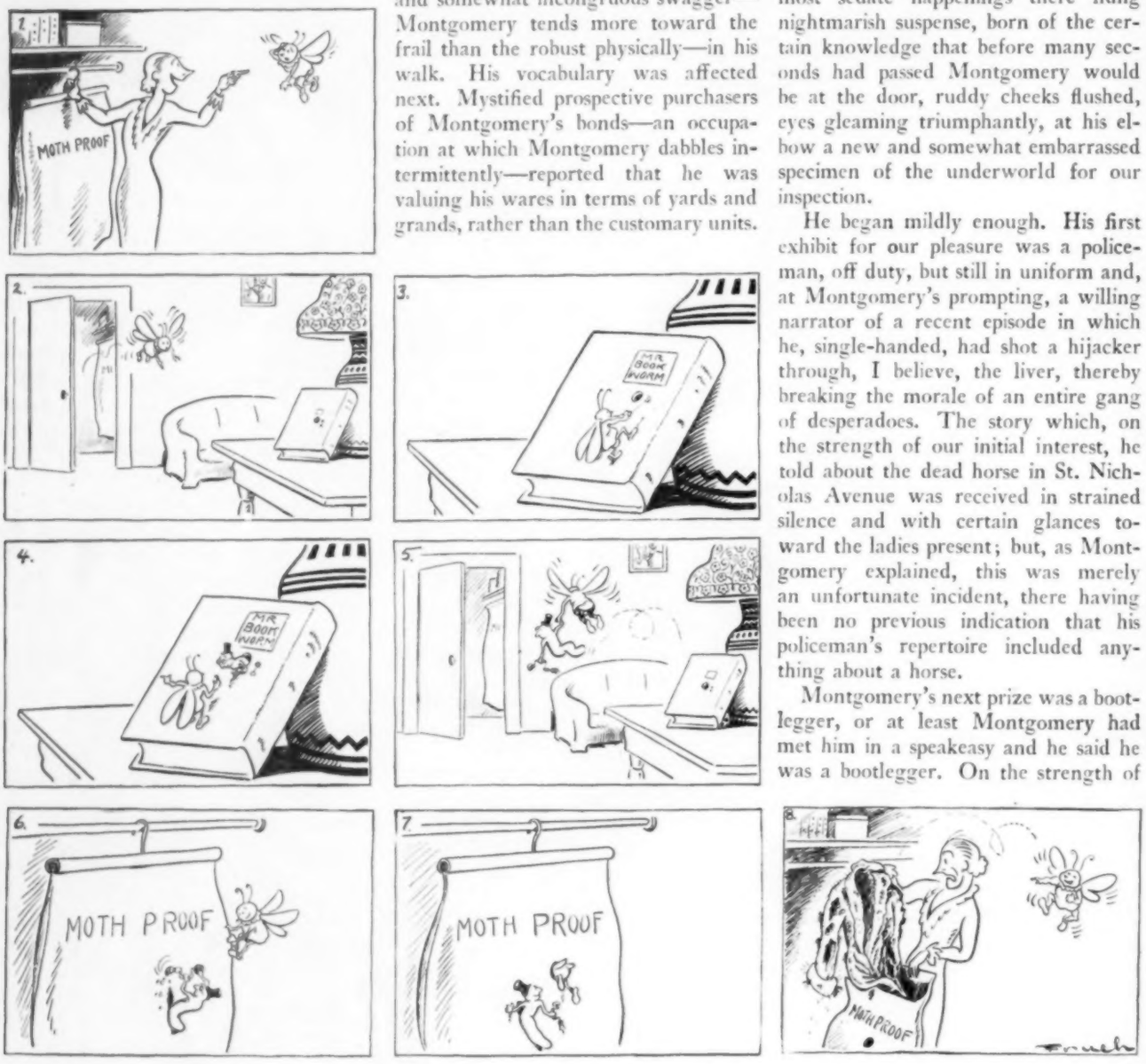
It was probably the Chicago influence which changed Montgomery from an amiable citizen and perfect fourth hand at bridge to the social menace which his friends find him today.

The first symptom was a strange and somewhat incongruous swagger—Montgomery tends more toward the frail than the robust physically—in his walk. His vocabulary was affected next. Mystified prospective purchasers of Montgomery's bonds—an occupation at which Montgomery dabbles intermittently—reported that he was valuing his wares in terms of yards and grands, rather than the customary units. Startled bridge partners—Montgomery is an excellent though ultra-conservative player—heard him describe his winnings, in a manner at once harsh and airy, as so many finifs and sawbucks in the kick. It became common knowledge that Montgomery, whose previous literary catholicisms had embraced nothing more giddy than Proust, was devouring avidly and exclusively a typographical menu of which a magazine called *Bandit Tales* (subhead: "Gun-Fanning Stories of the Underworld") was a fair sample.

IT was not until Montgomery began cultivating personal contacts with the underworld, however, that our most innocent social gatherings became definite nervous hazards. Over our most sedate happenings there hung nightmarish suspense, born of the certain knowledge that before many seconds had passed Montgomery would be at the door, ruddy cheeks flushed, eyes gleaming triumphantly, at his elbow a new and somewhat embarrassed specimen of the underworld for our inspection.

He began mildly enough. His first exhibit for our pleasure was a policeman, off duty, but still in uniform and, at Montgomery's prompting, a willing narrator of a recent episode in which he, single-handed, had shot a hijacker through, I believe, the liver, thereby breaking the morale of an entire gang of desperadoes. The story which, on the strength of our initial interest, he told about the dead horse in St. Nicholas Avenue was received in strained silence and with certain glances toward the ladies present; but, as Montgomery explained, this was merely an unfortunate incident, there having been no previous indication that his policeman's repertoire included anything about a horse.

Montgomery's next prize was a bootlegger, or at least Montgomery had met him in a speakeasy and he said he was a bootlegger. On the strength of



THE MOTH AND THE FUR COAT

Montgomery's recommendation, and merely because it seemed the least of social amenities at the time we placed with him a clubbed order for five cases of Scotch and rye, priced at the extremely moderate figure of forty dollars the case, payable in advance. We have seen neither Montgomery's bootlegger nor his wares since. We would not have minded this so much had not Montgomery, with a certain smugness, pointed out that we surely must have realized that a man offering Scotch at forty dollars a case could be nothing but a hijacker, and that under the circumstances there was a certain percentage of poetic justice in our victimization.

OUR relations with Montgomery, we now realize, were strained to a definitely unpleasant tension when the incident occurred which endeared him to us all, and caused us to assure him that he was our companion forever, no matter what the future might hold.

It was Montgomery's pickpocket who restored him to his old and fitting place in our hearts. Montgomery's pickpocket was a furtive and patently unpleasant little fellow and, perhaps because we had not yet been able to forget Montgomery's hijacker, we paid a pointed and no doubt uncivil minimum of attention to Montgomery's descriptions of his exploits. We gathered, however, that the young man who had consumed three of our cocktails, muttering an occasional affirmation as Montgomery explained his skill in his chosen craft and his subsequent reformation, and who had at the end of fifteen minutes taken a strangely embarrassed departure, was truly the prize of Montgomery's collection.

It was not until, about an hour later, Montgomery completed his dissertation upon the art of pocket-picking, yawned ostentatiously, and fumbled absently for his watch, that we—or for that matter Montgomery—realized the full import and unquestionable authenticity of his discovery.

Montgomery gave the impression as he himself left that our comments regarding the incident had been crudely unsympathetic and something less than tactful, but, knowing Montgomery as we do, we are sure that he will not stay mad long. —DONALD THOMPSON

"My dear child!
You don't want
a divorce just yet—
wait until the right man comes along."

•

OF ALL THINGS

OUR legal adviser informs us that the case of Shamrock V Enterprise resulted in a verdict for the defendant.

•

The Fascists and Communists made big gains in the German election but only a powerful leader could make them work together. Probably a fellow named Mussolenin.

•

Boston is celebrating her three-hundredth birthday. We are unreliably informed that Theodore Dreiser has sent a book.

•

The G.O.P. press accuses our Governor of stealing Morrow's state-control idea. Al Smith fans will score it as a double steal.

•

Boulder Dam has been rechristened Hoover Dam. Out in the LaFollette sector they call that pretty faint praise for a dam.

•

Will Hays has put the O.K. on a movie version of Carroll's "Vanities" and the K.O. on "Lysistrata." "Beware the Greeks wearing grins," says Elder Hays.

•

Before sailing for home Legs Diamond sued the Prussian authorities for the damage to his reputation. If there is any justice the Germans will be made to pay in full if it costs them thirty cents.

•

The treasurer reports that our per-capita cash at the end of August was $36.72. That would explain why the average citizen does not buy judicial ermine or senatorial togas.

•

Senator Pat Harrison refuses to give the Hoover administration credit for anything except tree-sitting and Tom Thumb golf. Still it is something to have so many people gamefully employed.

•

The Indian Nationalists have refused to attend the conference in London. They say you can't possibly get a square deal from a round table.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

YOUNG MAN OF AFFAIRS—II

Charles A. Lindbergh

WE have observed our hero—now become the impenetrable Colonel Lindbergh, a fellow of stubborn mystery and no confessions even among his intimates—plucking the few rich plums that he could take without the charge of greediness from the enormous harvest proffered him by fame. The twenty-five-thousand-dollar Orteig prize, and thirty-five thousand for his *Times* articles on the flight. A hundred thousand from his book. A hundred thousand from the *Times* for his Good Will flight story. Twenty-five thousand cash and as much by way of annual salary for three years from the Guggenheims. A few stories for the *Saturday Evening Post* on parachute jumping and early mail flying.

But these were in the nature of vacation jobs. They were the very pick of the opportunities given him to acquire ready cash: each adding to his prestige, each deepening the impression among mothers, businessmen, teachers, and priests that here was a young man to be emulated by the youth of the land. He had yet, however, to move into his definite career, which of course must be intimately linked with his first and abiding love, aviation.

HE turned down countless offers from companies that since have languished or blown up. Then, as if to reward him for his sagacity, when the great opportunity came it came twofold. Within a few months, he was appointed "technical advisor" to the Transcontinental Air Transport corporation, and to Pan-American Airways—two concerns of the very highest repute, with Wall Street and the government of the land drawn up in parade formation behind them. Once again, he had picked the very cream.

These were grand jobs. Even if his technical advice was regarded by his employers as of somewhat less importance than his name among the list of executives, he thoroughly deserved them. Both companies were forming to engage in the business of transporting men and goods by air. Had Lindbergh not flown the Atlantic and stirred the imagination of a world, such an enterprise would not have been possible for several years at least. We need not debate at this point the good sense of inaugurating passenger transport so early in the history of aviation. We may simply concede that these lines could not have been opened when they were opened without the Lindbergh flight.

T. A. T. began to call its air-rail route across the continent the Lindbergh Line. The Colonel himself opened the system by flying the first plane. For Pan-American he did even more, making half a dozen flights in the region of the Caribbean to the tune of eight-column streamers on the front pages.

But the pay was good. The newspapers said that his salary from each company would be fifty thousand a year. Actually, it is twenty-five thousand annually from each. But the first salary payments were accompanied by large blocks of stock in both corporations, and by options to purchase more at figures far below the current market price. During last summer, when aviation securities were at their peak, the shares that Lindbergh received from T. A. T. and Pan-American were worth, in the aggregate, slightly more than one million dollars. He was advised by brokers, even by officials of the companies themselves, to sell at that high figure. But he refused point-blank. It would be bad for aviation, he said, if it became known even among Wall Street people that Lindbergh was unloading his aviation stocks.

So he held on, the slump came, and the value of his holdings was cut in half. But the stock that he received is still worth half a million.

It may be calculated, therefore, that during the three years since he crossed the Atlantic in a gift airplane, he has earned a minimum of one million dollars. This figure does not include any fee for the South American flight he made at the instance of the United States government in 1927-1928 or any return from the investment of his early profits.

Thus he has about matched the sum that was offered him by the movies and the endorsement hounds immediately after his return from the Atlantic flight—and he has done it to a constantly mounting song of praise. He has augmented his dignity and his aura of integrity with every year that has passed. From a penniless fellow he has grown to a man of substance, and if his conduct of affairs in three years may serve as a basis for predictions, he is on his way to very solid riches. Gossips have printed the news that he has grown hungry with the smell of money in his nostrils, and is now preparing to lend his name, for cash, to certain manufacturers of watches and such. But until Lindbergh endorsements appear in advertisements, we must remain skeptical.

I HAVE devoted this much space to a review of Lindbergh's business career for a number of reasons. In the first place, it is a very remarkable thing for an overnight hero to emerge from the terrible ordeal of time as a person of consequence. In the second place, it is the only phase of his life that can be discussed with very much certainty or profit. He is a fellow of few intimacies—it is possible that he tells his immediate family what is really on his mind—and he is astonishingly uninteresting. Nobody at all, outside his family, pretends to have any real idea of what is going on in his head, and he never exposes his soul momentarily for the sake of those charming, humanizing legends that cling with a curious wistfulness about most heroes. There are no homely, pleasant little Lindbergh stories. In essence, he is grim with a Scandinavian grimness that is relieved at lengthening intervals by broad practical jokes which are not very amusing. His boyish, open face and his tousled hair are misleading, for there is nothing remotely boyish in his way of life, and his existence is ordered to the point of primness.

He is basically, of course, a man of action. He has immolated his life to the swiftest action of our age, flight through the air, and he is never really functioning as Charles Lindbergh unless he is flying, or preparing to fly. All other times he is doing what his innate decency and his unwavering shrewd-

ness and his utter contempt for the herd tell him to do. He reads virtually nothing. He is, by legend if not by public profession, a Christian Scientist, though there are no reports of his presence at any place of worship. He makes all of his decisions, concerning the gravest or the most trivial matters, with an instant and an inflexible "yes" or "no."

Occasionally, one of his friends will urge (as if the fact were altogether incredible without proof) that Lindbergh has his human side, and will offer a half-hearted anecdote in support. Once, for example, he visited his press agent, who was ill in a Brooklyn hospital, and offered to make a gift of blood, but he was in a state of great fear lest the incident be published in the newspapers. Again, he does not like whiskey, but he will take a drink occasionally just to prove that he is no fanatic.

"Beer at lunch always makes me drowsy."

ONCE or twice, I have referred to the mystery, the queer paradox that envelops him. This is not a verbal device but an explicit phenomenon that puzzles even his closest acquaintances. Suppose we take, as an example to sharpen the point, his attitude toward the press and toward publicity.

Three or four aviation reporters on the New York papers have known Lindbergh since the spring of 1927, and have followed all his activities. They have gained his confidence, even to the point of possessing his private telephone number in New York City, and on several occasions he has sought advice from them as to his public conduct. (Since 1928 he has had no regular press agent.) Not long ago I asked these gentlemen to answer a question in all honesty: "Does Lindbergh really want publicity, or doesn't he?"

The answer was unanimous. They did not know. All of his protestations, his angry rudeness to reporters generally, his elaborate efforts to escape cameramen and microphones, his savage demands to be let alone, would say that he hates publicity. On the other hand his conduct could not possibly be more shrewdly designed to give him the maximum of public notice. In the case of his private affairs, it was his fanatic denials that made the impending birth of his son such an intriguing bit of news.

In the case of his public affairs, consider

for a moment the record-breaking flight from California to New York. The most dangerous part of the flight was the Eastern part: the jump across the Pennsylvania mountains on the last leg of the journey. These mountains are, of course, more perilous to an aviator at night than in the daytime. Engine trouble or fog makes a parachute descent imperative, without the alternative of attempting a landing in a pasture. There are no pastures.

Now he might have left California very early in the morning, even a few hours before dawn, and reached New York before darkness fell. But he left California relatively late in the morning—with a wife who was to bear him a son within a few weeks—and landed out of a black sky at Roosevelt Field, close on to midnight, with ten thousand people cheering the dramatic apparition of his great black plane, gleaming in the searchlights.

Whatever else is true, no more dramatic hour of the day could possibly have been chosen for the landing —and it was close to the deadlines of the morning papers.

IN short, he spends his life creating sensations, and protests bitterly that the sensations he provokes make life miserable for him. He does those things most certainly calculated to draw the attention of the crowd, and he goes wild because the crowd gathers to stare at him.

Surely, aviation received no profound service from his transcontinental hop. The thing had no meaning at all, save as a thrilling stunt, and it has been pretty well shown that stunts will not make the airplane business a profitable one. He waited weeks on the Pacific Coast for weather that would enable him to break a record, yet when he did break the record, he snarled at the photographers, frowned when they asked him to smile, was surly at the brief interview he granted to reporters, and gave all the signs of black hatred for the ten thousand who had waited long hours to see him come in.

It is a highly praiseworthy emotion to despise the multitude and its valuations. But it is a little ridiculous for this ascetic view to be held by a man who is, in the last analysis, a public performer. Lindbergh is endowed with some curious temperamental twist which leads him to feel a slight contempt for his chosen trade—or at least for all the natural concomitants of it. He is in the position of a man who periodically dives off the Chrysler tower into a net after fitting announcements, expresses astonishment and anger that people should annoy him by gathering to watch, and contends indignantly that he does it simply for his own amusement.

It is not difficult to form an estimate of his talents and their value to the trade he has embraced. Lindbergh is a superlatively good airplane pilot and a dramatic fellow. He has an instinct for stirring up a popular commotion,

• •

"Hey Dad, look, will ya? Before you start that second movement!"

"Why, Mrs. Thompson, what a swell elegant little partner you turned out to be!"

• •

even while he has no taste for it. Beyond that, he is shrewd in relation to his own affairs, unsentimental, humorless, and of extremely dubious value to the business of aviation.

They say he is responsible for the growth of the aviation industry in America. He is. Yet that growth is about as unhealthy as it could very well be. His Atlantic flight and all his subsequent adventures roused a terrific popular interest in aviation—but practically no popular interest in airplane-riding. The bankers failed to make this distinction and the result is an industry perilously overdeveloped. For all the excitement and the headlines and the haste to invest in aviation stocks, there are less than twelve thousand airplanes in the country—including the hundreds of military and naval planes. A ridiculously small number of people ride the regular transport lines. Only a small fraction of the population has ever been in a flying machine.

DURING his three years as the preeminent figure in American aviation, Lindbergh has done very little to advance the general use of aircraft—which is the only thing that can bring success to the industry which he follows with such devotion. His fame was perhaps responsible for the building of a good many airports but he has not contributed a single idea for the improvement of airplanes or engines, or, with one exception, for the safer operation of transport lines. (The exception: Flying in fog, he noticed that the one light which penetrated through was the blue flash of trolleys on wires. This discovery he gave to the searchers after a fog-piercing beacon.) His technical advice to the companies he serves has been negligible. He has not even lent his weight, through print, to the stimulation of travel by airplane or the ownership of airplanes. He has contributed no intelligent, advanced ideas to the public press, nor employed the authority which his name possesses to discuss any of the acute problems faced by the aviation business. He has simply done a lot of excellent stunt flying.

In contrast, we may glance for a moment at Byrd and Chamberlin—the two men who followed so quickly in the path he had blazed. Byrd, altogether aside from his explorations, has invented several useful instruments, including a wind-drift indicator, for the improvement of flying. Chamberlin has designed two airplanes of excellent performance characteristics.

From any critical examination, Lindbergh emerges as a resolute, irritable, and sometimes graceless fellow under the impost of fame's extraordinary burden, who was able to keep his head when every circumstance urged him to lose it, who made a permanent thing of his celebrity and his success, whose exploits have contributed a lot of exciting reading to the newspapers. His participation in the business affairs of the aviation industry has been solely in the order of flying jobs. By any disinterested analysis he is the Barney Oldfield of aviation, in essential kind and in a hundredfold degree.

THERE is a lively rumor that he wants to be President. Among his acquaintances, the highbrows deny it as absurd, and the lowbrows believe it vehemently. Nobody has any real notion what he thinks about it—but everybody may pretty well agree that he can be President if he really goes after the job. On the whole, perhaps he would not dilute the atmosphere of wisdom and of statesmanship that has clung about the White House in late years. —MORRIS MARKEY

(*This is the second of two articles on Colonel Lindbergh.*)

• •

BLUE HARVEST

After a black-frost night, after the bitter
Chill of glittering darkness, who has come
At dawn upon closed gentians and not trembled?

They of the desolate and lonely places,
They of the swamp's edge, they of the far bronzed meadows,
Are the blue harvest of autumn, are beauty's final
And savage cry along the ended year.

—FRANCES M. FROST

THE THEATRE

ONE WONDERFUL WEEK

POSSIBLY because it contained one of the less attractive-sounding birthdays, last week was a week of disillusion for this commentator. The Theatre, in all its stark make-believe, seemed to hang like a dead moon in the sky. Nothing rang true, nothing glowed with life. The mimes recited their lines and the lights played upon the scenery and the curtains went up and down, but they were just mimes and lines, scenery and curtains, and Illusion was not in them. Or, perhaps, they were just six terrible shows.

I am certain about five of them. It didn't take an embittered and jaded mind to discern the tell-tale parsnips in "The Rhapsody," "With Privileges," "Insult," "Cinderelative," and "Luana." A fresh, rosy-cheeked boy from the country, on Broadway for the first time, might well have walked out on any one of them in as high a dudgeon as he could muster in such humid weather. Anybody who had been on Broadway a week would never have been sucker enough to get inside the theatre. Unless, of course, he was a dramatic critic.

"FUSTIAN" is the word which I have selected to describe "The Rhapsody." Perhaps "double-fustian." In this exquisite piece of goods, Mr. Louis Calhern, who is an actor deserving better treatment, is made to go through the shoulder and upper-arm motions of composing a rhapsody (kindness of an offstage pianist doing the fingerwork) while all the time his poor brain is tortured, tortured, tortured with a craving to kill a man named Krieger. As he says to the decorative Mrs. Calhern (Julia Hoyt on the Cohan payroll), "You live in the future—I in the past" (*three offstage chords*). To which she gives the comforting advice: "Fill your mind with pleasant thoughts—think of the Philharmonic." Mr. Calhern tries to think of the Philharmonic, but can't seem to do it hard enough, for he ends up by patting his piano affectionately and saying: "I still have this!" Somebody must also have referred to "the most sacred thing in the world—Love," for I find it jotted down on my program and I wouldn't be likely to invent a thing like that out of my own head.

"INSULT" comes to us from the Dutch of Jan Fabricius by way of London, with Mr. Leslie Perrins in the rôle of one of those half-castes in the West Indies who have such a hard time keeping their hands off white women living on the army reservation. There is a great deal of native talk and army discipline and Easter-greeting-card verbiage, but it did practically nothing to take one's mind off the heat. It was a tough night for a play like "Insult" to open, but even now that the weather is cool again I doubt very much if it has appreciably increased in entertainment value. As Mr. Savoy used to say, hot or cold it goes out of here tomorrow. I had hoped to be able to ring in something about "Tristan and Insult" at this point, but it looks pretty black for it right now.

THIS review of "Luana" should perhaps have been postponed until I could buy some better seats than those sent me by Mr. Arthur Hammerstein, but even from where I sat I could see and hear enough to make sitting through it again an impossibility. It is a "musical romance" fashioned from the old Richard Walton Tully play, "The Bird of Paradise," and a great deal of loving care and study have gone into making it as dull a behemoth as ever lumbered about to a Rudolph Friml score. Even Mr. Friml, bound by the locale to graft a hula-hula note into his native three-four harmony, has turned out some music which fits the show, and that is no faint damnation. Jans and Whalen, who can be raucously funny if left to themselves, kick some very offensive gags about the stage until they are lost, and the careful inclusion in the cast of two or three of musical comedy's star premium hams tops off the efforts of the management to provide *malaise* in abundance for all. And this is not because my seats were bad. Ask anybody.

I WOULD say more about a play called "With Privileges" if I didn't think that it would only serve to confuse you, for by now there really should be no play at all called "With Privileges."

MR. IVOR NOVELLO'S "Symphony in Two Flats" does not deserve to be grouped with the others of this memorable week, for it contains some very nice things. It tells the tale, or rather two tales, of upstairs and down in a Chelsea studio building, and only in the most casual way do the twain meet. This fact of the entire separateness of the two stories seemed to worry a lot of people. To me it was one of the few really original features of the performance and Mr. Novello deserves great credit for having refused to bring them all together in the end like the random villagers and soldiers and entire cast of a musical comedy who join hands at the first-act curtain and sing: "Then It's Off to Egypt, One and All!" The lives of people on the fifth floor very seldom impinge on the lives of people on the fourth, and it was artistic of Mr. Novello not to make them.

It is when he is upstairs, just he himself and Miss Benita Hume, that the author is at his best. It is true, he has enrolled in the class of vandals who snatch candy from tots by making himself a young composer who goes blind, but that doesn't alter the fact any that it is all very, very sad. An added novelty is offered by this particular composer's being able to play the piano and being actually capable of composing, for Mr. Novello is one of those young Londoners who can act, sing, write plays,

LES PARFUMS Coty

ONE-HALF OUNCE AND ONE OUNCE.
The same glorious perfume as in the larger flacons. $2.00 to $3.75.

CONCERNING THE NEW ENCHANTMENT

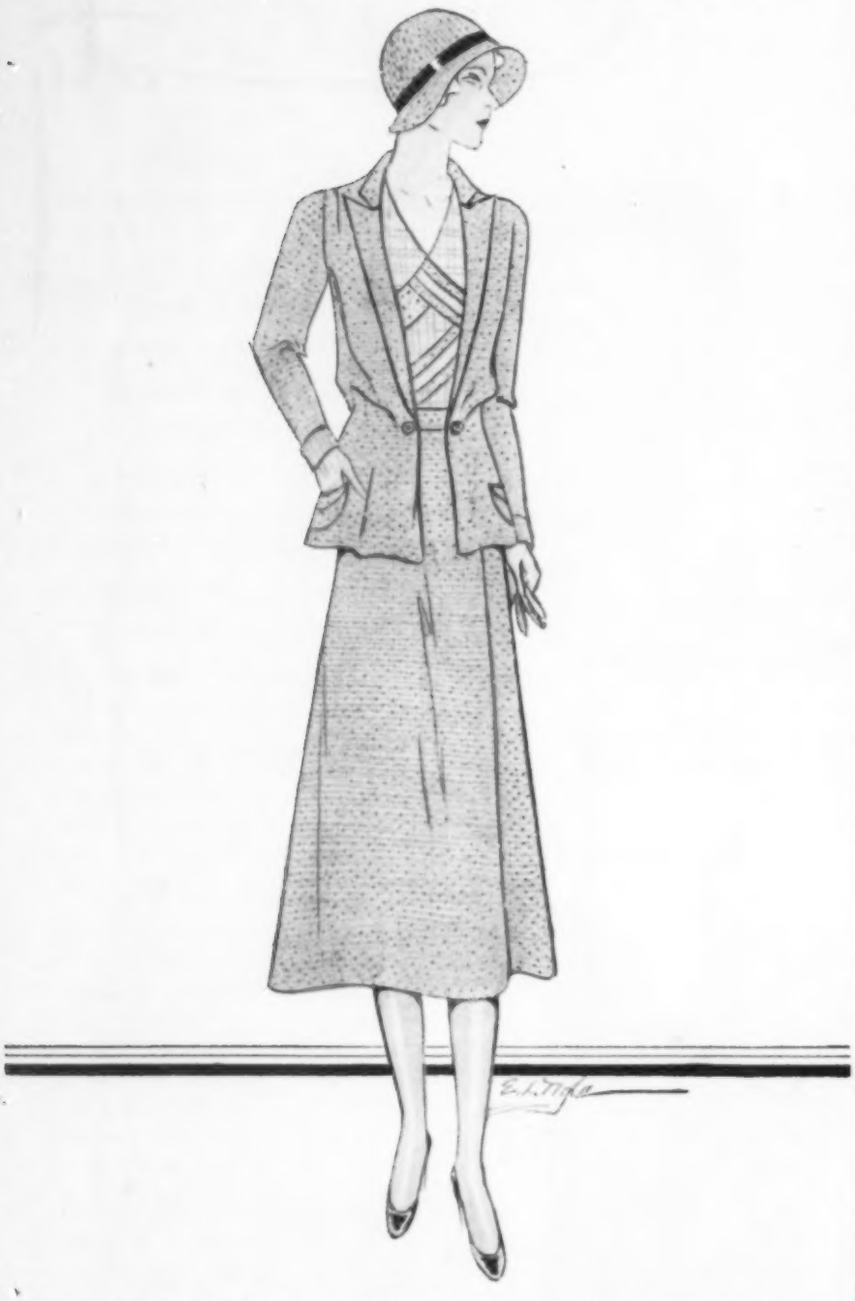
The dozen selves in every woman are being loosed today. Diversity is the new vogue. One goes boyish in sports clothes, mysterious as twilight in chiffons, dazzling in evening splendour—and perfume is the subtlest ally. For every personality the Perfumes of Coty give the fragrant climax for every gown and every smart occasion.

DE LUXE CUT-CRYSTAL FLACONS
In fancy covered boxes *(as illustrated)* or coloured leather cases. $5.00 to $17.50.

"PURSE SIZE"
in Metal Case. Platinum-tone or coloured crackle finish. $1.50. Refittable with quarter-ounce flacons.

"THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS PERFUMES ARE NOT NECESSARILY COSTLY"

Mrs Franklin inc.



Extremely wearable and becoming is this suit of jersey tweed with matching blouse of wool lace. Price $75.00. Copies of Marie Christiane's new stitched hat made to order in the same material.

NEW YORK - 16 East 53rd St. ● PHILADELPHIA - 260 South 17th St.
CHICAGO - 132 East Delaware Place ● PALM BEACH

lyrics, and music, and balance a lamp on a billiard cue at the same time. He also established a record in the legitimate theatre in America by playing and singing an interpolated song (with Miss Hume) so well that the applause-hogs in the audience, who usually demand that the play be stopped for their indulgence, knew enough to behave themselves and not clap. Before we go downstairs, let us pause for a word on Miss Hume's beauty, ability, and black dress.

Downstairs, however, is a different story. Downstairs is what is known, in ill-advised phraseology, as "comic relief." It is possible that Miss Lilian Braithwaite (so vividly remembered from "The Vortex") and Miss Ethel Baird were deliberately "playing down to the Americans." They were certainly playing down to something. They did everything but play the fore and hind legs of a horse. I did not see the show in London and so do not know whether or not Miss Baird waddled and made her nose red and ate a sandwich five sizes too large. I can hardly believe it possible that, in her home town, Miss Braithwaite did everything five times too many. It *must* have been that they were mugging and rolling and hopping because they had been told that one has to mug and roll and hop to please New York. Whatever the reason, they were both very, very naughty actresses and, as far as this section of the American peasantry is concerned, completely spoiled the show.

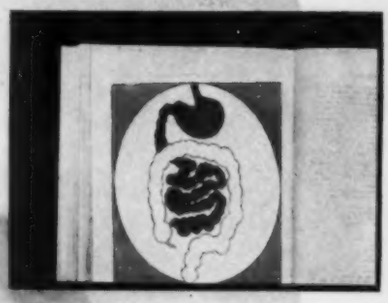
Now let's go upstairs again to Miss Hume and Mr. Novello.

MOST musical comedies come into New York with the second act still to be whipped into shape and large sections of the scenery not in working order. As a postscript to the preceding unpleasantries, it is a pleasure to report

Clear away Body Poisons, and the *Skin Clears up*, too . .

EXPLAINS THIS NOTED VIENNA DERMATOLOGIST

DOCTOR ALFRED BRANDWEINER, author of a number of important books on skin diseases, is head of the department for skin diseases in the Vienna General Policlinic.



POISONS that form here cause most skin troubles, doctors say! "Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of these poisons," Dr. Brandweiner explains.

WHAT wouldn't you give to be rid of those ugly complexion blemishes . . . to restore your skin to lovely smoothness . . . to recapture the delicate coloring of youth!

Then will you follow the advice of one of the world's greatest dermatologists—Dr. Brandweiner, of Vienna?

"Skin troubles," Dr. Brandweiner says, "are usually the result of internal disorders, including constipation.

"Fresh yeast keeps the intestines clean and free of the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin."

Simple advice, yes. But how sensible! Just a remarkable *food* treatment —3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—that tones up and purifies your intestines . . . that aids digestion . . . that actually corrects the *cause* of your complexion ills.

Try it—and see how much better you feel—how much better you *look!* Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today.

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

"I was worried about my appearance," *writes* Mrs. Maebelle Thompson, *Winnipeg, Man.* "My doctor suggested eating yeast. Soon everyone remarked how much better I looked."

(Right) For glowing, clear-skinned health eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (cold or hot), or any way you like.

Purify the System with Fresh Yeast, Skin Specialists urge

DR. KROMAYER, of the Kromayer Sanitarium for skin diseases, in Berlin, says: "Fresh yeast purifies the intestines . . . helps clear the skin."

DR. PEDICONI, of Rome, noted skin hospital director, says: "Yeast corrects boils, pimples and other manifestations of faulty digestion."

Follow these doctors' advice! Each cake of *Fleischmann's* Yeast, you know, is rich in vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

Perfume is one unit of the ensemble. It must be in accord with the costume . . . of the same mood as the occasion . . . and in conformance with the mode. So my own perfumes were devised as are my gowns . . . to express one's personality with charm, with distinction, with correctness.

LUCIEN LELONG

PARIS

the arrival of one which is in every way qualified to make the grade on Broadway.

The Messrs. Shubert have been working on "Nina Rosa" for about a year, and it shows it. It marches. Sigmund Romberg's score is nothing sensational, but Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry, and Leonard Ceeley know what they are singing and how to sing it, with the result that it sounds like a million dollars (less agent's commission). It is quite thrilling to hear the familiar Romberg measures come booming out with such sureness and authority, and to hear chorus-singing and see chorus-dancing which give a feeling that the boys and girls are easy in their minds.

Otto Harbach's book takes us to a new locale for musical comedy—Peru; and although the goings-on there are practically the same as they have always been in Mexico, Colorado, and the Yukon, the costumes are different and the name "Lima" keeps coming in to lend added variety. There is nothing upsetting in the way of humor, but there is no attempt to upset. What gags there are, are pleasant and well handled by Jack Sheehan and Don Barclay, the latter a comic who flits through New York very quietly about once every five years and unfortunately lets it go at that. For dancing, there is Armida, a little Gus Edwards graduate, who has not only a sense of rhythm but of comedy, and our old friends Cortez and Peggy. There is, naturally, quite a lot of tangoing.

And, speaking of tangoing, watch the Germans in this particular branch of world activity. Germany has become tango-conscious, and is after the Argentine trade. They may not be able to dance it so well, but they have caught the idea of the tempo for writing and, so long as they can write the music, they can get anybody to dance it for them. Anybody except me.

—Robert Benchley

•

"It gives heart to all of us in whatever tasks engage us, for it proves that there are no limits to the courage of men and that there are no limits to what courage can accomplish.

"Again, gentlemen, I welcome you on behalf of the American Government and on behalf of the American people."

The angered crowd, brandishing shotguns, began an immediate march toward the jail, crashed into the structure and shot Grant to death.—*The Evening Post.*

Well, it's typical of the general restlessness.

SCOTCH ICE·TRAYS for thrifty cooks

•

Your Countess of the Cuisine . . . whether she hails from Glasgow, Cork or Aberistwyth . . . will chortle gleefully over this newest Frigidaire gadget . . . a "Scotch" tray that "spends" its ice cubes one by one. • • • No longer does Cook have to remove all the sparkling cubes from the tray in order to obtain three or four necessary to chill the butter balls . . . not to mention the single cube for the Master's personal libation. "Scotch" ice trays are the greatest invention since Scotch heather and Scotch thrift. • • • If you already have a Frigidaire, telephone for a "Scotch" ice tray, which we call the Quickube . . . because you can flip each cube out separately. If you have an ice tray, telephone Winston Paul, 39 West 45th Street, for a Frigidaire to fit it . . . the cost is low and, best of all, you can practically name your own terms.

•

FRIGIDAIRE

MORE THAN 1,500,000 IN USE

•

DOMESTIC ELECTRIC CO., INC.
39 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

I'm interested, tell me more about Frigidaire and the Quickube.

Name_____

Address_____

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

COLLECTION

A CERTAIN broker of my acquaintance, a man who in Croquet combines the muscular precision of a Bobby Jones with the strategic innocence of a Baby Peggy, is also a collector (the only one in the world, I imagine) of cordials. Every species of brandy wrung from the peaches and grapes of old Navarre, evilly sweet potions brewed from potatoes by Ukrainian peasants, sinister liqueurs distilled from crushed cherry pits in far Japanese villages—these he collects. Shelf upon shelf of them he has, nor any drop to drink. Though your mouth water most wistfully, he will not pull a cork. Not even in the still watches of the night does he himself take a swig. You see, he does not want to eat his cake at all. He just wants to have it. As the late Mrs. Janis once said of your correspondent, what a dear, mad fellow!

I have contemplated this hobby with the tolerant smile of one who long since put such things behind him. For I, too, was once a collector, and even now when I hear that a casual search through the dusty letter-files of an iron-works on the Delaware recently yielded a stamp which promptly sold at auction for eight thousand dollars, a faint quiver traverses the nerves of this erstwhile philatelist, who, however, himself retired from the quest at the age of twelve after his third Nicaraguan. Yes, and I went gunning for autographs, too, starting my long-mislaid collection with a cherished signature of Anna Held's—she was my ideal at the time—and next day writing faithlessly to Mary Mannering that I was her well-wisher. In no time, I had cajoled a bar of music out of Sousa, a sketch out of Howard Pyle, and a letter from Jules Verne. If memory serves, I also asked Owen Wister for his autograph but I forget now whether he ever sent it to me. It was so long ago.

Except for an unmanly and uncontrollable weakness for old letter-writer's manuals, I have given up all such hoarding—given up every practice that tends to increase one's impedimenta. I now try to satisfy the ancient ineradicable impulse by making collections only of items which take up no room at all. Among the little sets of imponderables thus accumulated, for example, are names of houses and instances of understatement. Of the latter collection, more another day.

I THINK I first began to notice names of houses when I discovered that Ring Lardner's dwelling in Great Neck was called, with quiet dignity, The Mange. This brought the question up at a dinner party at the stately pleasure dome which Otto Kahn decreed for himself at Cold Spring Harbor, an incomparably beautiful François I château reared there on a highland overlooking the sea. But it had, it seems, no name and nominations were in order. As I recall, it was Dorothy Parker who suggested The Bandbox and F. P. A. who suggested Kahn's Folly, while still another saucy rogue present thought Cold Spring Chicken might do. None of these suggestions, I believe, was accepted.

When I, myself, moved out of Hell's Kitchen (a neighborhood without anything to recommend it except to George Kaufman, who could work into almost any conversation his little joke about "How will you have your yeggs?") and transported my battered chattels to the East River, I, too, broadcast an appeal for names for my new abode and was soon buried under a torrent of suggestions. These ranged all the way from Little Casino and the Woollcottage to Wise Acres and Wits End. With an uncharacteristic thrift, Mrs. Parker reserved for her own use what seems to me an even happier name. She is to call her bitter little place in the country Rising Gorge.

Then I was duly impressed with the name which Hugh Kahler has bestowed on his final resting place at Princeton. It seemed to him that, at one time or another, the Kahlers had occupied practically every available house in that cerebral town and that their household goods spent an unconscionable part of every year in trundling vans. Wherefore he swore a great vow that even if the new roof fell in on his head, there should be no more moving. So of course he called the place Still Pond. This has puzzled his less perceptive house-guests who arrive in some apprehension lest their sleep be harried by mosquitoes.

BUT the gems of my collection are none of these. The gems are the faintly repulsive house-names that I have come upon in my wanderings. I unhesitatingly award first prize to a villa which is just down the road from Somerset Maugham's white retreat at Cap Ferrat on the Riviera. This villa is called the I Love Dolly. You do not get the full flavor of this masterpiece until at a side gate you notice the sign: "Tradesman's Entrance—I Love Dolly." I am not acquainted with the occupants of I Love Dolly. Frankly, I do not care to be.

That name, I think you will admit, has the tang of the ultimate. Yet I have seen it outdone by one of the little wayside eating places which have helped Henry Ford impair the good looks of America. Until recently I thought that no name could be less whetting to one's appetite than that elected by a roadateria near Saratoga. It is called This Is Mumsie's. But this seemed a hearty, virile, inviting signboard for an inn compared with one chosen—deliberately chosen, mind you—for a rival establishment in Massachusetts, not far from the Vermont border. It is called—I grow a little seasick as I set it down in the record—The No Namie.

WHICH leaves me just room to acknowledge the messages from those readers who point out that before propounding the mystery of Kipling's "The Gardener" a fortnight ago, I might better have reread the twentieth chapter of John and particularly the fifteenth verse.

I also have room to report a recent surmise as to the name of the play in preparation for Maude Adams's return to the stage. As you know, it is being fashioned by John Colton, who wrote "The Shanghai Gesture" for Mrs. Leslie Carter, from whose clutch that earlier opus was subsequently extracted with considerable difficulty. It is Charles Brackett's arch prediction that the Maude Adams piece will be called "Mumsie Goddam."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

THE TENNIS COURTS

The Thoughtful Pros—Tilden's Twenty Minutes—A Word for the New Champion

IF anyone were to ask me, and nobody has yet, to name the best tennis match of the year, I would pick the Tilden-Borotra semifinals at Wimbledon early in July, with the finals of the Professional Championships between Vincent Richards and Karel Kozeluh at Forest Hills a close second. An exceedingly close second, too. As a match of lawn tennis it made the finals of the Men's Singles Championships the week before look second-rate. You had to sit directly behind the court, however, to appreciate fully what fine tennis both men were playing, to watch their angles, and to see properly those amazing gets of Kozeluh's as he picked up Richards' smashes almost anywhere in the Stadium.

In service-power the professionals were inferior to the best amateurs; in every other respect they outclassed them. Curiously enough, their game was much more intellectual, more thoughtful, than that of the amateurs. I use that word in its exact meaning: full of thought. Except for Tilden, and one or two others, there was precious little thought used by the amateurs, and even Tilden, in his match against Doeg, was not thinking to as good purpose as usual.

RICHARDS played the game of his life against Kozeluh, tennis he has never played before and may never play again. Realizing at 5–4 in the fourth set that he must win then or never, he came in and put away four of Kozeluh's perfect passing shots with four winning volleys, each volley the apotheosis of all the volleys he has ever made, the superlative shot of a superlative stroke-maker. With those four shots he defeated the greatest lawn-tennis player in the world.

How good is this man Kozeluh? Well, in Paris, during the training for the Davis Cup team, he would think nothing of taking on Lott and Allison in the morning and Van Ryn and Mangin in the afternoon. Training is training and exact scores were not kept often, but on one of the first days the American team arrived in Paris he beat Lott 6–0, 6–2, 6–1, 6–1. This makes Mr. Richards look like a fairly useful player. Mr. Richards *is* a fairly useful player.

THE season ended, therefore, on a high note. It has been the best season the game has known for many years: new players fighting their way to the front, unexpected results in every big championship, a keen interest in the game on all sides such as we have lacked for some time. The attendance at the Men's Singles was the greatest day-to-day crowd the championships have ever known, this in the biggest sporting week of the season. Fourteen thousand saw the finals at Forest Hills while at the same time there was a polo game at Meadow Brook, a yacht race off Newport, a crucial baseball series in Manhattan, and other sporting events in the vicinity—a healthy sign.

THIS year has apparently seen the end of the star system in lawn tennis. The star system is that by which famous players are toadied to at the expense of the other competitors in the tournament, purely for the sake of the gallery which their names attract. It was the star system, I believe, which cost tennis and the Association many fine men like Mr. George Wightman of Boston. Under it the wishes of the famous player are catered to, he plays on the centre court when he desires. Apparently the U.S.L.T.A. now realizes that the star system does not, in the long run, pay dividends either in sportsmanship or cash. For this year proved definitely that the stars do not necessarily draw crowds. The crowds came to West Side to see competition, not names. I was told on the evening of the first day, by a morose official, that the defeat of Jean Borotra would cost five thousand seats on the final afternoon. Rubbish! There weren't a hundred empty seats when Shields and

COTY

PERFUMED MANICURE POLISH

Coty Perfume enhances its lovelier lustre

A DELICATE Coty Perfume selected to blend the manicure with your own perfume greets you as you use Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish.

Gentler, finer manicure ingredients banish all the usual unpleasant polish odors, give your finger-tips the loveliest natural lustre.

There is none of the artificial overcoated appearance discriminating women dislike. Because smoother brushing qualities make *a single coat* all you need to keep the nails exquisitely groomed, sparkling for at least a week. Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish will not chip, peel or make the nails brittle.

Four shades: Clear, Medium, Deep, or Extra Deep—$1.00. Perfumed Polish and Solvent Combination—$1.50. At the better shops everywhere.

The test below proves that Coty Polish does not become unusable through evaporation the way ordinary polishes do.

After six days of exposure to the air ordinary polishes became gummy and practically solid.

Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish tested the same way remained fluid—easy to spread and dried quickly on the nails

Where Night is starred

Spotlights reveal complexions exquisitely smooth . . .

BRIGHT as any constellation in the heavens are the scintillating stars across the footlights.

Effortlessly, they fascinate the eyes of all beholders . . . Each with a charming individuality . . . each and every one with the allure of lovely skin.

"It's so important — this matter of keeping your skin softly smooth," they will tell you. "Important to every woman . . . *essential* to us. Use Lux Toilet Soap to guard your skin as we do," they counsel. "This lovely white soap with its delicate fragrance gives just the gentle care the skin requires."

For the convenience of the stars Lux Toilet Soap is found in theatres everywhere . . . in 71 of the 74 in New York alone!

Just as for years it has been the official soap in all the great Hollywood film studios. For, as you probably know, 9 out of 10 screen stars long ago discovered that Lux Toilet Soap gives their skin the flawless smoothness the revealing close-ups require.

The brilliant stage stars, flocking to do talkies — in which there are so many close-ups — have more cause than ever to be grateful to this white soap. *You* will enjoy its caressing lather. You'll secretly want to brag about the silken smoothness it gives your skin!

● MIRIAM HOPKINS, who was so enchanting in "Lysistrata," says: "I keep my skin at its very loveliest with Lux Toilet Soap. It's a delightful soap."

● GRACE HAYES, opening in "Top Hatters," says: "It's so simple to keep skin beautifully smooth with Lux Toilet Soap. This is particularly important, I find, in the talkies."

● HARRIET HOCTOR, gifted dancer in "Simple Simon," says: "On the stage our skin *must* be flawless. Lux Toilet Soap keeps my complexion just as smooth and clear as I could wish."

First Sweeping Hollywood

with Loveliness. . . .

● GINA MALO, piquant, charming star of "Sons o' Guns," imported from the Folies Bergère, says: "On the stage we must be so careful to keep our skin at its very best. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth and soft as a child's."

● RUTH ETTING, whose inimitable caperings in "Simple Simon" are not easily forgotten, says: "Lux Toilet Soap invariably leaves my skin velvet-smooth... it's just like the finest French soaps."

then Broadway . . . and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

Four Creams for the 4 AGES OF BEAUTY

IN YOUR TEENS
Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream is all that you require to guard the youthful loveliness of a natural skin.

IN YOUR TWENTIES
You need the added protection of Barbara Gould Finishing Cream, the perfect base for powder and rouge.

IN YOUR THIRTIES
Barbara Gould Tissue Cream should be used to nourish the tiny tissues that nature begins to neglect.

IN YOUR FORTIES
Include Barbara Gould Astringent Cream to stimulate inactive cells, prevent sagging tissues and protect youthful contours.

● By faithfully following Barbara Gould's simple home treatments you can retain the charm of a youthful complexion all through life. Listen in on her helpful Beauty Talks —every Thursday morning over the Columbia Network. ●

Write for Barbara Gould's fascinating booklet —"Any Woman Can Look Lovelier."

Barbara Gould

392 Fifth Avenue, New York

Doeg stepped out on the centre court.

The gentleman who put the spike in the star system was Dr. Philip B. Hawk, the referee of the Men's Championships. Tilden, it appears, refused to start his game while Hunter was playing Doeg, claiming that to hold another match simultaneously would disrupt Hunter's concentration. Undoubtedly true, although when Jean Borotra was fighting for his life the first afternoon, Tilden pranced gaily out without worrying about upsetting the Basque's concentration in the least. However, the match Tilden wanted postponed was scheduled; to delay it meant that the last match would finish in the dark. If I am correct, the words he used to the referee were: "As National champion, I demand the right to play on the centre court alone." This sentence spelled the doom of the star system. He was given twenty minutes to appear dressed for play or be defaulted. He played; while the star system took a blow from which, let us hope, it will never recover.

THE Men's Championships this year, the interest they aroused, the crowds they attracted, and the sport they offered, proved also that the attitude of those in charge who refused earlier in the year to buy foreign players for our big tournaments was not only for the ultimate good of amateur sport but entirely sound from every viewpoint. Those of us who were abroad this summer know the name of that great star, *un vrai amateur*, who intimated his willingness to come over to our championships for twenty-five hundred dollars. He did not come. And we know the name of the young lady from another land who wanted four first-class round-trip passages prepaid on the Luxuria, with all expenses taken care of in this country, before

TAKE STYLE TO THE STADIUM

THE "SCARBOROUGH"

IF all the smart coats at the big games were on their original owners, a stadium would look like an oasis in the Sahara. For camelhair is the *sine qua non* of spectator sports. You will be entirely comfortable in your camelhair coat. And of course it will be snugly styled by Jaeger, the sponsor of camelhair since 1855. The new model illustrated is $85.

JAEGER
The VOGUE *in* WOOLLENS

590 Fifth Avenue, at Forty-Eighth Street
The Best Shops Are Jaeger Agents

SELECTING A STUDIO DUPLEX APARTMENT

is like planning a house. You'll want terraces, nooks, closets and that certain something you are sure to find at The Dorset. ...Write for Literature—it's Good Reading.

Maisonettes with private Street Entrances, Simplexes or Terraced Duplexes, Unfurnished or Furnished—Transient or Lease. Complete Hotel Service. 1 to 6 Rooms. Larger Suites if desired.

THE DORSET
THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH
Adjoining Fifth Ave

she would come. She stayed home also. More proof that the star system has seen better days.

IN this connection let us sing a paean of praise for the quiet modesty of Mr. John Doeg, the new National champion, a modesty so refreshing and delightfully sincere that one could never imagine him demanding this or that, insisting on his rights, or claiming the prerogatives of his title. The final round of the National Singles Championships was played in an atmosphere of sportsmanship, with no quarrelling or quibbling over decisions on the lines, no throwing of points, or other antics. Moreover, it was noticeable that the gallery, despite the tenseness of the struggle, and despite the fact that the umpire had none too firm a hold upon the match, was exceptionally well behaved. When the players on the court behave well, the gallery will give no trouble. This is another lesson we have learned this year.

It took Mr. Doeg to teach it to us. No, I do not think he is a great champion. I believe he is a courageous player with an inadequate stroke equipment, and I shall be surprised if he is champion in 1931; but looking back over the years he has been playing, I realize he has never done an unkind thing, an ungenerous or an unsportsmanlike thing, upon the court. Perhaps he is something better than a great champion—a really great sportsman.

—JOHN R. TUNIS

•

POETS

Poets lead such simple lives;
Straight and true as blue steel knives.

They use words like "love" and
"death;"
They never even stop for breath.

They fall in love and never doubt it.
That is all there is about it.

And when their lives have passed them
by,
Poets beautifully die.

—EMILY HAHN

•

Miss Critchfield went to the city prosecutor's office, charged Mills had clipped her on the ear and dragged her out of a house by the hair. She obtained a battery complaint against him. Now they have filed notice of intention to marry.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Sabine, come back to me.

A PRINT OF OLD ITALY BY FORTUNY

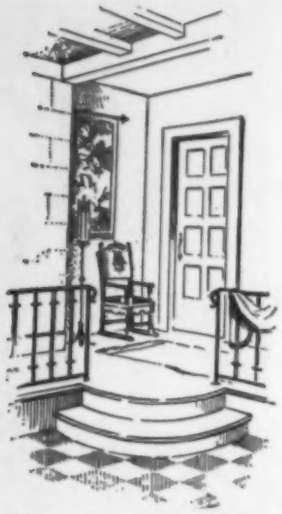
THE soft tones of Venetian blue... design of XVth Century Italy...exquisitely hand blocked on this simple cotton Fortuny Fabric. All the rich beauty... the romantic tradition of the famous brocades, damasks and warm velvets live in these so much more practical and adaptable materials ... graceful fabrics which blend charmingly into the decorative plans of the present day.

A booklet "Fortuny Fabrics" shows some of these prints in color. We should be glad to send you a copy.

ARTHUR H LEE & SONS Inc
383 Madison Avenue New York

Distributors to Interior Decorators

In this bedroom for a man, Laura M. Curtis, Inc., Washington decorator, has used this Fortuny Fabric for bolster, bed and hangings... solving the problem of sufficient color with dignity... a problem always presented by masculine quarters.



Apartments
for the
Artistic-minded

New apartment homes designed with sunken living rooms...wrought iron railings... recessed radiators ...wood-burning fireplaces... casement windows... mechanical refrigeration...high tiled bathrooms.. *plus* the desired practical advantages of a well-constructed home .....at rentals no higher than the customary charge for a stereotyped apartment.

4 Rooms . . from $2000
6 Rooms . . from $3000
also 3, 5 and 7 Rooms

Immediate Occupancy
Write for Brochure

180
East 79th

TISHMAN REALTY
& CONSTRUCTION CO. INC.
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

The Two Smithtowns— Mrs. Bloodgood's Pack —Magic at Warrenton

THE Indians that once roamed the plains of Smithtown marked the present inhabitants with a full quota of stolidity. To see the circle of placid faces and relaxed figures that leaned on the sheep hurdles enclosing the North Shore Horse Show, one never would suspect the storm which had been brewing for so many months. However, it was merely heat lightning after all. For Mrs. Bloodgood's faction held a two-day show on Mr. R. Lawrence Smith's place; and Lawrence Butler held a one-day affair on Fifty Acre Field, a half-mile away; and no writs, attachments, or machine guns turned up at the last minute. In fact there were people so diplomatic as to exhibit at both shows. On the whole the majority took a stand one way or the other and stood by it in the most gentlemanly manner possible—there was no acrimony or mud-slinging; though one could sense some iron hands under the velvet gloves. Just to point out the humor in it all, Marshall Smith entered two of his horses as Mandamus and Injunction.

MRS. BLOODGOOD came off on top in the number and quality of entries, having over five hundred, and many of them of more than local calibre. But, and we fervently say thank Heaven, the big-show atmosphere was absolutely lacking. People won well and lost well; judges were immune from all but the pleasantest badinage; nobody refused yellow or white ribbons and sent their horses home. The Hubbses had a field day with their Mineola champion, Lou Love; and Janet Cole with My Love, and Mrs. William Duryea on Sun Dance, made the running for them.

Hunters produced the most casual performances that have been seen in many a day; and the blood-and-sand touch was completely absent, except in private performances under the groups of noble shade trees. If the ribbons weren't put on right, it wasn't the fault of the committee that selected

HONEY-MAID Chocolates are such an irresistible treat that you will never forget the joy of their discovery! Wondrous variety —nuts, fruit crèmes, nougats, chewy—all made from finest clover honey and artistically covered with rich, smooth chocolate.

Honey-Maid
CANDIES
less fattening

The Honey Candy Co. of America, Buffalo, N.Y.
The Albert N. Duker Org'n., N. Y. Distr., 140 William St.

CLOSE BY

MANY a modern martyr is sticking close to the business grind because "Something important might come up tomorrow". Meanwhile he is missing some very important golf, some very necessary sunshine and sea air and just the right sort of relaxation that he might be getting at the "Cavalier". Suppose "something" did come up? You can lunch at the "Cavalier" and be at your office tomorrow.

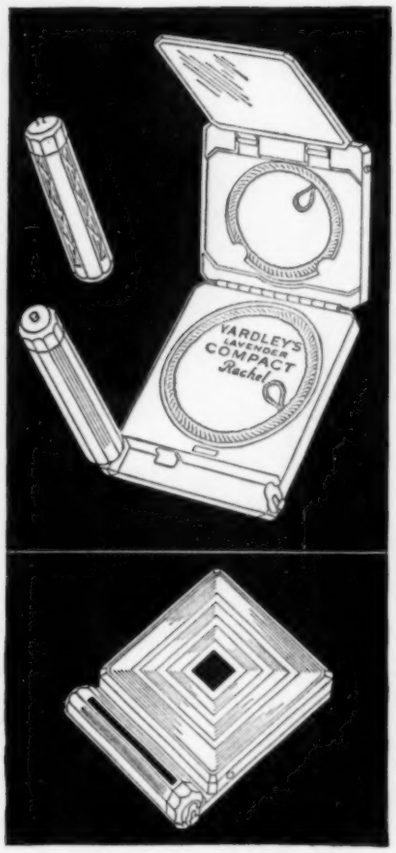
Transportation service direct to the hotel grounds. Fine motor roads. Steamers from many points. Write for full information.

THE CAVALIER
C. V. DELAHUNT
Managing Director

VIRGINIA BEACH
VIRGINIA

Lipstick,
Lipstick,

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



A LIPSTICK, once it wanders, almost never comes back. But if you had one that was practically proof against losing itself . . . that would be *very* nice.

Look, then, at the Yardley Triple Compact . . . powder, rouge, and two full-sized, interchangeable lipsticks, in day and evening shades. The lipstick is part of the case. You'd have a lot of trouble losing it.

A most engaging bit of cosmetic artistry, this compact . . . jade-green and silver, delicately engraved . . . small . . . slender . . . but, above all, *convenient.* It costs, with both lipsticks, just $3.50. The day and evening sticks, in a single box (a pleasant gift), are $1.50; separately, 75 cents each. *At your favorite shop.*

Yardley's

ENGLISH LAVENDER

the judges, for they were all Masters of Hounds with practical working experience and not a horse to sell among the lot.

THE rival show, legally entitled to use the name Smithtown, held forth in splendor on its ancient site, Fifty Acre Field. There were miles of close-cropped green polo fields, excellent brush jumps, and marquees and tents of Barnum proportions. Mrs. Alice McLean abandoned her principles for the cause and showed her string of gorgeous hunters which have been in the first flight both here and in Leicestershire for many years, but have never before graced a show-ring; and Al Davis threw in his lot and stable; so there was plenty of imported talent in the hunter classes.

The real pity of the whole unfortunate fracas is that it will injure hunting; naturally Mrs. Bloodgood's adversaries will close their land to her hounds, thus forcing her pack to follow a drag or nothing, as foxes are notoriously disrespectful to man-made boundaries. There were rumors of another pack's being started in the vicinity, but this for obvious reasons would only make a bad situation worse.

A FEW brisk autumn mornings and all this horse-show conniving will begin to seem merely a bad dream. Even now only excuses, feeble or good, keep any fox-hunting enthusiast abed after five-thirty. Golden's Bridge is getting the biggest fields of its history; Ox Ridge has a real line of country newly panelled, between Ridgefield and New Canaan; Radnor is going out four days a week under Ray Jackson's mastership, and is trying to decide on the respective merits of his pet American and the old-established half-bred hounds; Warrenton, stopped by the drought, has hired the rain expert who recently performed at Belmont Park. Now his magic will be really called to the test by being asked to produce torrents of rain quickly, that the scent may be breast-high, the feet of the horses remain intact, and the sound of the ancient and honorable cow-horns once more be heard over the land. —TOUCH AND GO

•

The wedding supper was served on an old refractory table which had been in the family 100 years.—*Saratoga newspaper.*

Making trouble all that time.

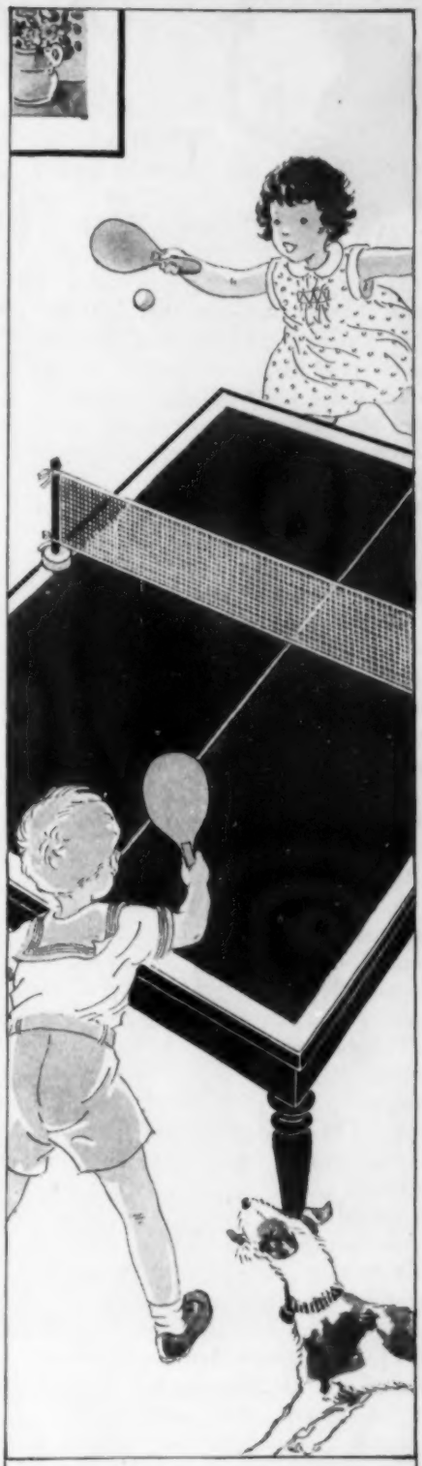


TABLE TENNIS

a new

SPINACH TOY

for good children

94¢

Racquets, balls and net

FOURTH FLOOR

MACY'S

34th St. & B'way, New York

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, SEPT. 17

THERE is, without doubt, at least one person in Paris who doesn't bother her pretty head the least bit about the copyists—and that is Madeleine Vionnet. You'd think at least the cleverest of the imitators would get to know the Vionnet lines pretty well, since she sticks so closely to the same ideas year after year, come what may in the way of fads. I have yet, however, to see the first who could reproduce entirely successfully her manner of dressing the human figure with fabric that has been marred by the least of all possible seams. Remarkable, I calls it.

There is, for example, nothing simpler—or more difficult to make—than her two autumn coats of velveteen. Best took the brown one, No. 5071, a light mousy brown, which has a scarf collar, and a well-defined waistline marked by a leather belt. Altman has No. 8172, the rust one, with the lapels forming obtuse angles that come up on each side of the neck. Bonwit has the brown velveteen jacket that tucks itself under the caracul collar of a beige wool dress—No. 5074.

Vionnet shoulders, in coats and dresses both, are still the smooth, seamless affairs that have a relaxed look. The coats all have the Vionnet way of crossing amply at the front and fastening with a belt or a tie far over on the left hip. There's hardly a button or buttonhole in an entire Vionnet collection. You'll find these characteristics in even the most sportsy of her clothes—witness the suit No. 8160 [at Best] of mottled red-and-white wool, with a wraparound jacket. A handbag of the suit's fabric accompanies it. One of Vionnet's newest tricks is in evidence here too—the placing of any waistline fullness at the centre-front and centre-back.

You'll recognize the same Vionnet colors this year—dusty pinks and greens and beiges and blues. However, there are a few things a little more theatrical than usual—and you'll like them. Look at the costume No. 8188-8189 [Kurzman has it], a black wool dress with a green belt, worn with a short, bright-green paletot that has a black caracul collar and cuffs; and look at the black velveteen coat dress No. 5070 [Hollander and Best] that has a bright red belt and a red crêpe de Chine vestee with a cowl neckline. She uses white on black too, in scarves and scarf-collars; look at the Buyers' Choice, listed as No. 3232-3206. [You'll find it at Macy, Jay-Thorpe, Altman, and Best.] Reversing the order, she puts black on white things; there is a white georgette evening dress that has a fifteen-inch band of pinked-edge black velvet around the hips [Altman].

AUGUSTABERNARD has made me eat my words about bustles. There are two evening dresses in her show that have two curved ruffles that are as much an *avant-garde* of the bustle as anything you could find. Another dinnerish dress, of black velvet, with short cloche sleeves, has a mild version of the same thing by way of a U-

"I want to see your reproductive furniture."

☆

This

goldenrod frock for September days

AT BERGDORF GOODMAN....ON THE PLAZA

Hal Phyfe

English tweeds are designed from heather, moor, and sky colors . . . this one must have been done from a field of goldenrod . . . all brown, and fawn, and flecks of pale green-gold. The scarf is lined with suède in the same gold . . . the belt repeats it . . . the tweed hat matches. A purely September frock . . . just one of the autumn things in the sports room.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Fall Clothes for the Business Man

Send for "A Wardrobe for BUSINESS"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

shaped skirt yoke, ending in a tuck that covers a band of bright green ribbon; the ribbon comes out into the open in a bow on the left hip [No. 134—at Saks-Fifth Avenue].

The rest of her evening things, however, are definitely un-bustley—long lines, slim hips, and not a centimetre of fullness allowed anywhere above the pelvis. She has a nice way of suggesting a train by making the hem of a dress droop gradually toward the back; her No. 194, with this kind of a skirt, gets its shape from some V-cut lines, and has a deep V-décolletage at the back that reaches even below the waistline. [At Jay-Thorpe and Altman.]

One thing about Augustabernard: she knows when to take her fur and when to leave it. In these trying times, this designer keeps it well in its place. Where a deep fur cuff is needed, she uses it less as a cuff and more as a half-sleeve, with the lower portion turned back like fabric. Her white fox on evening wraps is placed high in the front, and droops off the shoulders at the back. She is especially sparing of fur in her suits; stunningly sparing in the one listed as No. 62—brown velours de laine, with the diagonally closing jacket hemmed with a band of black astrakhan, and with a half-moon collar also edged with the fur. [At Saks-Fifth Avenue.]

I THOUGHT I had "discovered" Nanteuil, but it appears that those little pioneers of the French wastelands, the New York buyers, had been there before me. Good news for you, for it is a house that clings firmly to its ideas of what is good taste in clothes. You'll feel very French in the suit called Caprice [Altman], made of the brown pile fabric that looks like breitschwanz, with a pale pink moiré lining and double-breasted blouse.

Nanteuil's collection includes two handsome evening dresses of a very soft and silky velvet. One, Ténébreuse, in medium blue, has a ruffle fold running from the waistline under one arm to the hip under the other, and a similar ruffle at the back of the shoulders; the lower ruffle leaves some freedom around the hips without appearing to do so. The other, Premier Frisson, in black velvet, is worn with a short, red-velvet jacket lined with black velvet and hemmed with fur. There are little upstanding ruffles where the shoulder seams should be. [Both at Jay-Thorpe.]

TO Irène Dana went the award of the week for designing and mak-

PRECIOUS BEADS

FASHION, as you doubtless know, has given our new beaded jewels a most gracious reception. She finds them not only precious in their own right, but doubly desirable for her new note of elegance. . . . Among them there are necklaces and bracelets formed of flashing strands of gem-ruby beads linking together diamond motifs inset with star rubies . . . and others of gem-sapphire beads with similar settings bearing magnificent star sapphires.

Partial as she is to a formal gown of a plain color and severely simple lines, she chooses these new jewels as a flattering and colorful complement to give it final *chic*. . . . And at the same time, there is nothing equal to these handsome pieces for giving point and character to those soft, diaphanous frocks which, unaccented, might prove "prettier" than smart.

In this interesting collection you will find lovely necklaces and bracelets that can be worn together as ensembles, and many others that can stand alone as the consummate charming note in the costume. There are pieces designed for *débutantes*, as well as those created for their mothers. The prices range from $25,000 to $2500.

MARCUS & COMPANY, JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, Jr. *CHAPIN MARCUS*

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK LONDON PARIS PALM BEACH BOMBAY

Wanamaker's for Fashions

Hats that are really like French hats . . . tho' copied

at $12.50

A Wanamaker Specialization, of course!

ROSE DESCAT

created this hat – with a decidedly new brim . . . it's clever . . . flattering . . . and possibly danger-o-u-s! Our copy in fine felt—black, brown, green, or wine color. $12.50

A BERET, TOO

by Jean Patou . . . has a very piquant touch — it's the little feather, is it not? Our copy in soft felt—black, brown, green, or beige. $12.50

Second floor, north building

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

Wanamaker Place — Ninth Street at Broadway

ing the impossible—a full-length evening wrap that doesn't look like a 1908 film star's. It is of red velvet, made quite plain, fitted slightly to the figure, and with a double-breasted fastening. [At Altman.] —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

THOUGH dizziness has set in already—and me so young, too—after seeing significant dresses, suits, and wraps in endless procession for days, a few simple facts about this year's mode do stand out in my mind. It can be just as simplified, inexpensive, and becoming as it ever was in the days of the cloche-hat-and-jumper-dress uniform. Little beret hats sitting on the back of the head, and dresses that mold the natural lines of the figure, are everywhere, adapted so as to be suitable even in ready-to-wear things. However, there is also a great chance for glitter, display, and elegance when you choose. The leisure classes will have a chance to advertise again, and I am all for the idea. You can be as glittering and tinselled, as expensive and exquisite, as smart though utilitarian, as you please. The custom-made places are simply spreading themselves, and the inexpensive department stores are doing the best copying I have seen in years and years.

WITH all of the fanfare appropriate to momentous occasions of this nature, Bonwit Teller opened its new building at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, and the world swarmed in to "Oh" and to "Ah" in a perfectly pardonable way. All you wayfarers have undoubtedly noticed ere this that the moving-picture-theatre doors at the front of the building have been removed, and tasteful metal-and-glass affairs placed in their stead. Inside, you find the minimum of clutter and the maximum of space, an expert use of clear, subdued colors, and a tone that is modern, and at the same time restful to the eye and relaxing to the nerves.

What I saw of the merchandise over the shoulders of the milling hordes looked delicious, as might be expected, but a detailed examination will be impossible until the curiosity of the public is satisfied. I never was too good at the shopper's-elbow technique.

BEST, which goes on serenely turning out faultless styles at you-and-me prices, has done some exceptionally good reproductions of good models this year. The Chanels are particularly in-

DOUBLE DATE

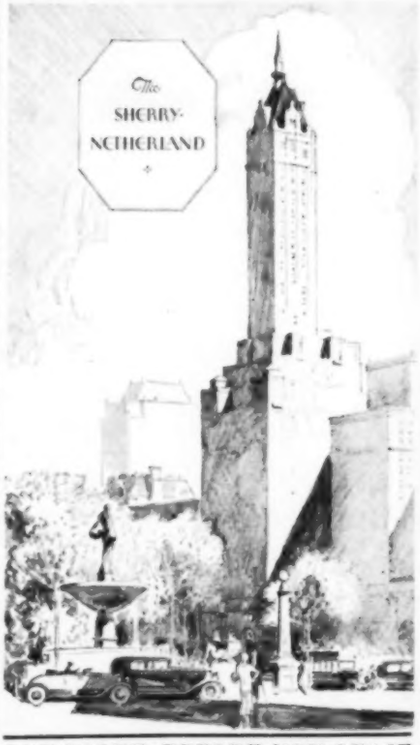
For popular girls who do everything on the run. Night and Day Cream in one. Twenty-four hour beauty work reduced to 4 minutes. At night—skin food, refiner, gentle bleach—no party circles under the eyes. In the morning—grand make-up foundation—no shiny nose.

COSTS THREE-FIFTY · LASTS 6 MONTHS

At your favorite Fifth Avenue store and at Abraham & Straus Beauty Salon, Brooklyn

GERANIUM CREAM

PRODUITS NINA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.



ONE NIGHT, BEFORE YOU LEASE

Before you lease for fall, test the private-home luxury and Sherry-trained service of one of these sky-tower apartments. When in town one night, stay at the Sherry Netherland.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

teresting. There is a suit of wool, six-buttoned and double-breasted, with wide lapels, a skirt with pleats at the side, and a blouse of widely striped Rodier jersey. There is a black tweed coat with white flecks, double-breasted, and also having wide lapels unless you button it up to the neck, which I like. This is fitted, simple, and chic, and costs $69.50. If you want to be spectacular, there is a black wool coat with black Persian lamb, separated into bands by narrow braid, on the shawl collar—which extends over the shoulders—and from the hips to the hem. By this time, you undoubtedly know that Chanel, for daytime frocks, has a whimsy for rather high-necked vestees in lingerie fabrics. There is one dress here of black damask, with bands around the hips that twist casually at the waistline front and back (Bruyère likes this trick, too), and a white lingerie vestee buttoned up to the base of the throat and rolling back. Another, of black knit stuff, has a white piqué vestee, a peplum that is bunched to flare front and back (this tendency appears alarmingly in various models around town), and lots of braid seamings, pleats, buttons, and intricate detail. There will be more about Best next week, when I get my breath. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Loud Alarums — Backgammon on the Floor

YOU don't know how I hate to bring up the topic, but Daylight Saving will be turned off this Sunday, September 28, at 2 A.M., and you will probably have to start thinking about alarm clocks to keep your schedules straight.

Alarm clocks, I am the first to admit, used to be pretty terrible things to think about, but times have changed; that is the gist of my story. In fact, if you are one who dreads the harsh intrusion of a large, round-faced alarm clock in the peace of your eighteenth-century French bedroom, you are simply making a fuss about nothing.

Look at Stern; they have a whole clock department full of alarms, and all of them different. The shapes run from pocket-edition sizes no thicker than a pencil to big ones that would have to stand on a mantel. They come in blue and red and green, or silver, or gold, or anything; they tinkle, buzz, and clang. The variety is infinite; and so are the prices.

A few specific examples: First, a

. . . Light Weight Woolen . . .
THE SMARTEST FABRIC FOR FALL
In a one-piece Dress with Scarf Collar

Transparent basket weave—the loveliest of the new light woolens . . . with vivid tricolor matelassé throw scarf . . . One of the outstanding versions of this important woolen mode selected from our spectator-sport collection.

. . . Green, brown, berry red and black with bright-hued collar. Misses' and Women's Sizes.

DE PINNA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

BLOUSES

stay outside this Fall..

A Marcel Rochas copy, in either satin or canton crepe, comes in a number of lovely shades . . $14.74.

Another overblouse, a Bruyère copy in satin, comes in white and some delicate off-white shades . . $14.74.

THIRD FLOOR

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York

modern design in dull gold-plate, with big black numerals. It's a good bed-table size for a man's room, and has a high, piercing, metallic bell. It looks a little bit like the Parthenon, head on, but if you admire the Parthenon that would be all right. The price is $19.75.

For a lady's boudoir: A flat four-inch square with a narrow frame of pastel-colored enamel. The face itself is mother-of-pearl, which makes it all very dainty. The bell is soft and delicate, and would never wake me up; but it would be nice for light, nervous sleepers, or people who really don't have to get up at all.

Then there are lots of tiny cube-shaped French ones, coated with enamel in all sorts of colors, most of them fairly bright. These have nice gold faces and radium numbers. They buzz violently when they go off, but you can put a stop to it at once by simply turning down the little gold handle on the top. This eliminates fumbling and starts your day right. They are trim little arrangements for $4.95. Not strictly new, but very worthy.

For Early American bedrooms done strictly in the period, they show a mantel alarm here that seems to have all the requirements. It is set in a simple wood case copied from an old model, stands about six inches square, has an eight-day movement, and automatically sets off its bell with a great clangor every day at the same hour. It would be wonderful discipline for you, because the bell has a distinct fire-alarm effect, and you would either have to get up and cross over to the mantel to stop it or go crazy listening to it wear itself down. This one costs $13.75, and wouldn't it be worth the price to you to have your life regulated?

THERE is a goodly collection, also, at Macy. Take the rear escalators to the sixth floor and look for:

First, a forthright little clock based on the traditional alarm-clock design. It stands about four inches, has a round face and body, readable numerals, straight little feet in dull-gold finish, and a handle top that shuts off the alarm. Color, green; bell, clear and steady; price, $1.88.

There are more elegant pieces, such as the Swiss clock with an eight-day movement, built square and flat of chromium or dull gold. This has radium numerals, costs $22.89, and is really very handsome. The bell positively tinkles on a high, pure note.

For travellers, they have one in a big brown-leather folding case. The

At the St. Regis

13 OUT OF 22

lovely women danced with dull tired eyes

LOPEZ leading . . . Urban's exotic birds against gold and silver blossoms on a deep blue sky. Land of Phantasy! Yet 13 otherwise lovely women danced in it with such dull, tired eyes!

I recognized the popular and beautiful Mrs. N——— who had just come back from a Mediterranean trip. Obvious that she has been quite reckless. The glare of sun on sea water has etched those aging wrinkles in the corners of her eyes.

But that lovely neo-Greek vision in white, whose dark eyes glow like beautiful black pearls in the fair, flawless setting of her face, is a regular visitor at my Salon.

A débutante has just floated by . . . A vision in silver and mist-blue . . . but how amusingly incongruous the Arab skin it reveals so indiscreetly.

That girl whose stiffened satin frock provides such a perfect foil for the shell-like transparency of her skin is the erstwhile "Freckles" M———. She came in early in the summer for those bleach treatments which I reserve for cases of deep tan and freckles.

Never, in all my experience as a specialist, have I seen women begin bleaching their skin so early in the summer or be so anxious to recover lost fairness. It will be impossible to be both fashionable and "Arabe" this winter.

All my preparations in their smart new containers are in the leading shops. Advice on personal problems may be received either by visiting my Salon or writing me.

Kathleen Mary Quinlan

655 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

face is square; it has radium numbers, a dainty bell, and costs $32.75.

Two more—the first for almost any room, the other faintly Directoire in feeling: (1) A black enamel case, round, with dull silver face, handle, and feet; a loud voice for its size (it's pretty small); and a price of $6.94. (2) A small square clock, about one inch thick, in dull and shiny gold, striped vertically. This costs $9.34, and ought to look more appropriate than most on Directoire bedside tables.

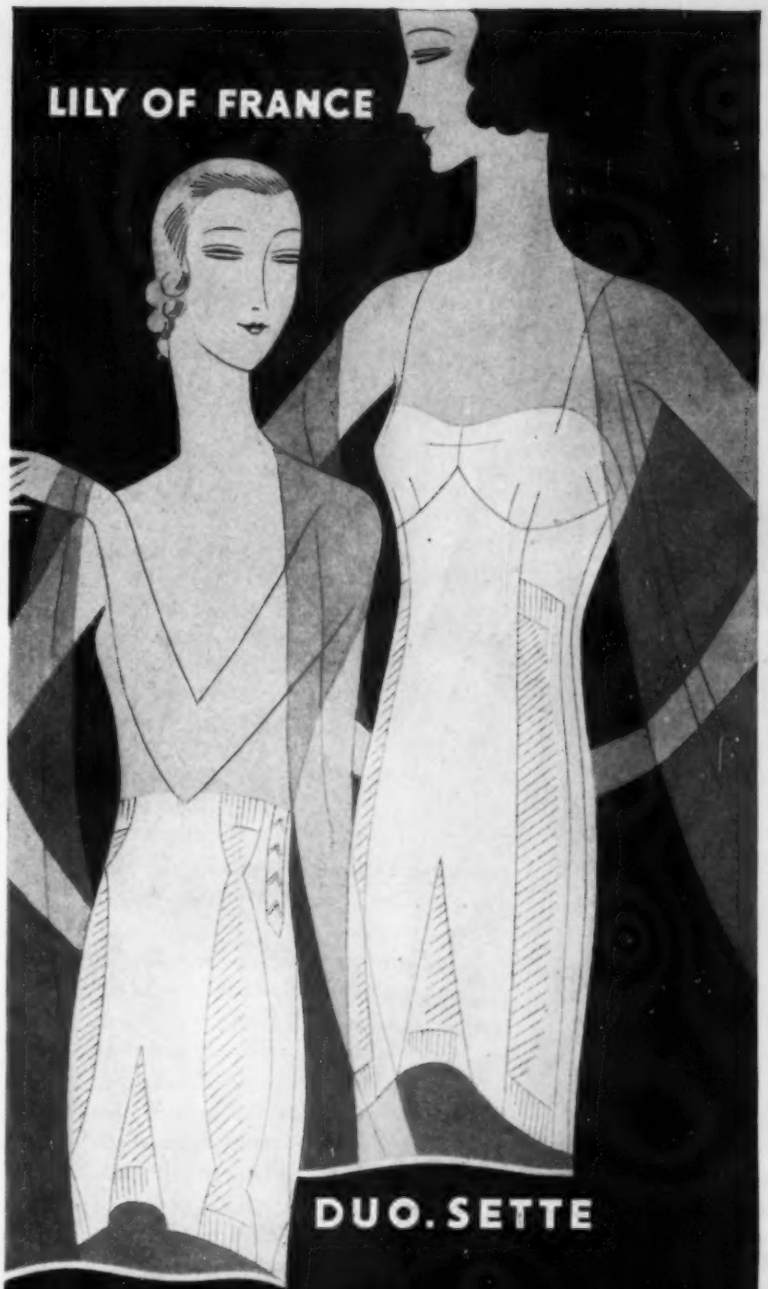
If these do not seem to answer your needs, it must be remembered that each store has dozens more, and also that other places around town have similar wares to show.

JUST why it should have occurred to both Macy and Stern that a lady interested in alarm clocks might also be lured by backgammon is something I have not yet figured out, unless it is because everybody is being lured by backgammon. At any rate, at Macy they showed me a superior sort of bridge table with a centre section which pops around when you press a button, and reveals a cork backgammon board. This ought to be very nice on long winter evenings. Then at Stern I was led proudly before a large floor board for backgammon, cleverly pieced together out of linoleum in brown, black, and bright yellow. The counters for this were huge cartwheel affairs in natural wood, and there were big white dice and enormous black doubling dice. With a set of black-wood rakes for clearing the board, the whole thing costs $49.

If you have a game-room or bar-room, it would be nice to cut a three-foot square out of the linoleum in the centre of the floor and set this board right into it, thus doing away with the storage problem. Or, if your room is in the making, you could have the linoleum flooring designed to include a backgammon layout. Macy's linoleum department does this sort of thing well, from design to actual installation.

For humbler players, Stern has made up Fabrikoid covers for bridge tables, with backgammon boards printed on them. While true worshippers would probably froth at the mouth if invited to play on anything less than pure, tested cork, beginners could have a lot of fun with these. The cover and the necessary counters and dice, all contained in a Fabrikoid case to make weekend transportation simple, cost $8. Fabrikoid covers alone, $2.50.

—B. B.



STEP. IN

FALL FASHIONS DEMAND THE DUO-SETTE. PERFECTLY MODELLED, IT ACCENTS WITH ALLURING BEAUTY EVERY LINE OF THE NEW STYLE. FOR DRESS DISTINCTION, THE DUO-SETTE IS INDISPENSABLE. THIS, WITH THE LILY OF FRANCE STEP-IN, PROVIDES FOR EVERY CORSET NEED.

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

LILY OF FRANCE CORSET CO.
AT 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

LILY OF FRANCE

"MARY ELIZABETH WRAINDON! —JUST LOOK AT YOUR DRESS!"

WE admit that a young lady's raincoat should serve from the waist down as faithfully as it does from the waist up. But often it doesn't! . . . which accounts for the tragedy depicted above.

It also accounts for the entirely new vogue in women's wet-weather coats . . . shown at the right.

On these newer (and *so* much more trustworthy!) rain-defying creations, there are no flaps to flick open and let the rain in—a Talon Slide Fastener guards the entire front. There's not a single place where wind or water can enter. And they are quite the very smartest coats that ever foiled a raindrop! Quite the most sensible, too . . . and certainly the most convenient.

Slip in to one, pull up the pull-tab, and you're smartly-clad for rain in just one instant! You can slip out of one with the same ease and dispatch. You can wear it fastened tight from hem to chin, or—if you choose—open or partly open. And there is neither clasp nor button to catch or tear.

Talon Slide Fasteners are not only immune to water and weather, but they simply *can't* rust. They won't jam, stick or pull apart—no matter how roughly they're treated. In fact—and surprising as it may seem—Talon Slide Fasteners actually get better and better with use! You'll find them on the newer raincoats in up-to-the-minute shops. But (warning!) be sure that you get the genuine Talon Fastener. It has TALON on the pull-tab . . . in tiny letters, but large enough to guide you!

The TALON-fastened raincoat at left *is of novelty silk in tweed effect. Sold in New York by Franklin Simon & Co., Best & Company and others, and by representative stores elsewhere... The smart TALON-fastened raincoat at* right *is of fine crepe de chine with a beret to match. It can be bought at Lord & Taylor and B. Altman & Co., New York, and other representative stores there and elsewhere.*

TALON

REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY · MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · SAN FRANCISCO : SEATTLE

THE SLIDE FASTENER THAT ALWAYS WORKS

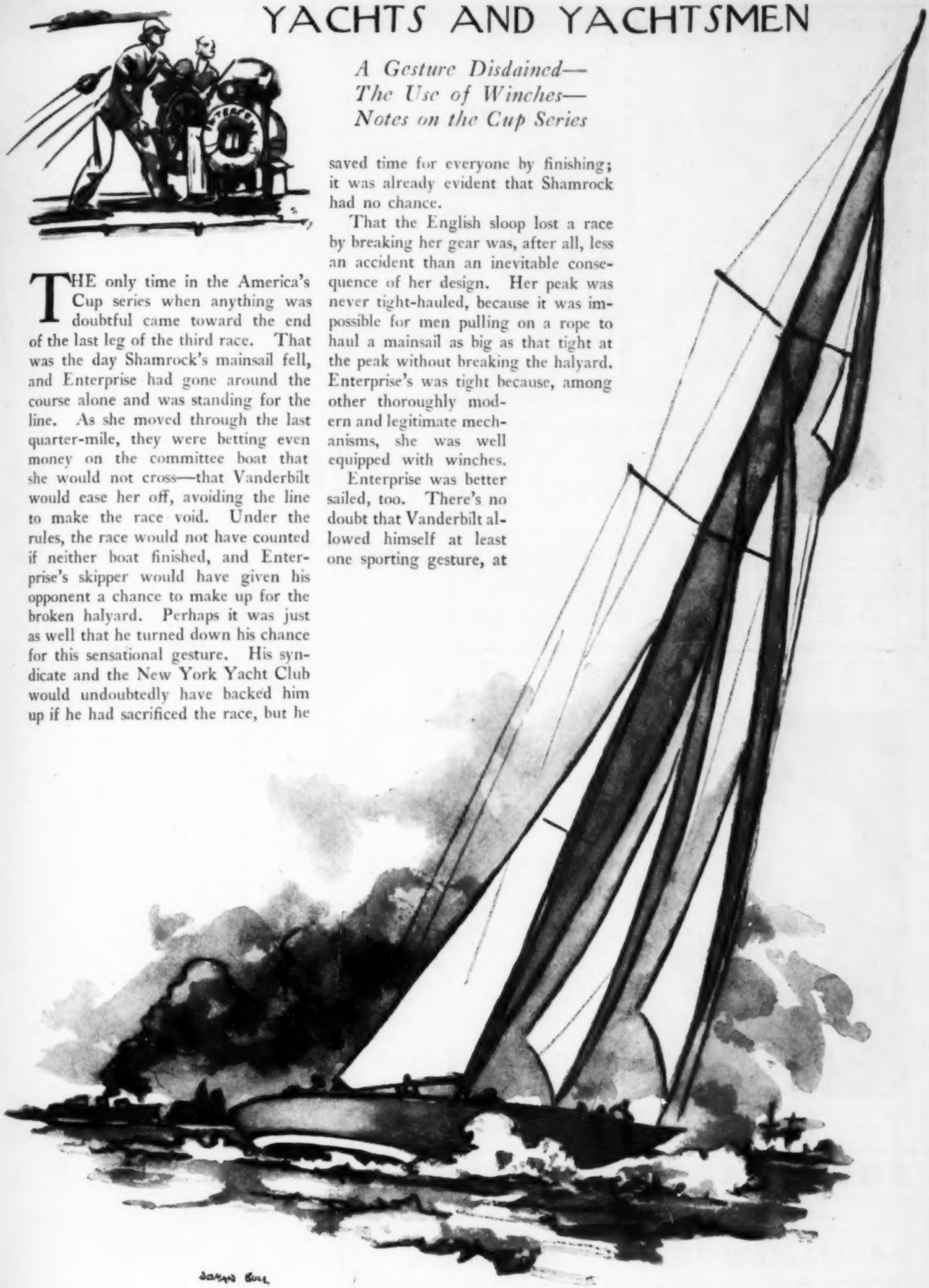
YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

A Gesture Disdained—
The Use of Winches—
Notes on the Cup Series

THE only time in the America's Cup series when anything was doubtful came toward the end of the last leg of the third race. That was the day Shamrock's mainsail fell, and Enterprise had gone around the course alone and was standing for the line. As she moved through the last quarter-mile, they were betting even money on the committee boat that she would not cross—that Vanderbilt would ease her off, avoiding the line to make the race void. Under the rules, the race would not have counted if neither boat finished, and Enterprise's skipper would have given his opponent a chance to make up for the broken halyard. Perhaps it was just as well that he turned down his chance for this sensational gesture. His syndicate and the New York Yacht Club would undoubtedly have backed him up if he had sacrificed the race, but he saved time for everyone by finishing; it was already evident that Shamrock had no chance.

That the English sloop lost a race by breaking her gear was, after all, less an accident than an inevitable consequence of her design. Her peak was never tight-hauled, because it was impossible for men pulling on a rope to haul a mainsail as big as that tight at the peak without breaking the halyard. Enterprise's was tight because, among other thoroughly modern and legitimate mechanisms, she was well equipped with winches.

Enterprise was better sailed, too. There's no doubt that Vanderbilt allowed himself at least one sporting gesture, at



SPECIAL PRIZE IN MARLBORO AMATEUR COPY CONTEST

A. R. THOMPSON of NEW YORK won 19th Prize with this advertisement

(For other prize winners watch magazines and newspapers.)

Wattles, the perfect butler, is distressed

He has been requested to transport a package of cigarettes that not only have no Ivory Tips, but are not even Marlboros.

....why take chances with cheap cigarettes? Enjoy Marlboro—a cigarette for those who can afford 20c for the best.

MARLBORO

Plain or Ivory Tipped: No Difference in Price

DOROTHY SCHLAET HELEN ROBINSON
A PORTRAIT BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

New York's Most Exclusive Studio

Instruction in

FOXTROT, TANGO
WALTZ
CUBAN ONESTEP

You who realize that crushing your partner's foot on the dance floor can not be assuaged by apologies or Murads, will appreciate keenly the finished quality of this instruction. Miss Schlaet and Miss Robinson offer their personal attention in private lessons to a limited number of men. For women, intelligent young men assistants.

SCHLAET-ROBINSON STUDIOS
Suite 817, Carnegie Hall
Telephone: Circle 5181

SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

CONTRACT BRIDGE
Or Auction. A thorough, scientific foundation for the absolute beginner—coaching for the advanced. Hours 11 A. M. to 10 P. M. Practice games Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings. Thursday afternoons, by appointment. Also Backgammon.
MURIEL PARKER
BRIDGE STUDIOS
157 West 57 St. *Circle 5813*

least after the first race—he gave Heard the windward berth three times. Most of the older yachtsmen were enthusiastic about his sailing, though their attitude toward him during the elimination trials was different. One member of the committee is said to have warned him privately that if he didn't change his dictatorial manners, his boat would not be chosen.

Only now that everything is over have the members of the other syndicates, especially Yankee's, given an indication of how high their feeling ran about the way the final trials ended. Yankee's crowd are dissatisfied because they didn't have a chance to use their new mainsail. If the America's Cup is sailed for again, it isn't likely that another Boston syndicate will enter a competition run by the New York Yacht Club.

BEYOND the already familiar facts that a steel boat cuts the water with less resistance than a wooden one, and that a sloop several tons lighter than its rival above the waterline can foot better in any kind of wind, the series proved nothing at all. What was memorable about it remains the decorative pattern that our country's yachtsmen spread over the September seas: Newport harbor, with its ranks of multicolored hulls and uncountable yellow masts, a maritime city strung with lights in the evening and rustling with exciting noises; launches filled with people in evening dress hurrying ashore after the races; a drift of dance music from some deck strung with paper lanterns; a tug blowing for right of way.

On board the Erin, Lipton stood away from the spectator fleet. Outboard motorboats, fishing skiffs, and little cruisers would come over and hail: "We hope you win the Cup." Corsair was always as close as possible

to the competitors and sometimes in the way of the cutters clearing the course. There was an arrogant, nasal note in her deep horn warning other craft out of range. The whistle of Cornelius Vanderbilt's Winchester always sounded off first and blew longest when Enterprise crossed the line. Other boats picking up the applause swelled it to an unbelievable volume, like a thousand fire sirens screaming at once.

WE will remember the afterguard of Shamrock loafing dejectedly aboard Killarney on Sunday and Tuesday, when there were no races. One of them said with tears in his eyes: "Why, that Enterprise could tow our boat." The afterguard of Enterprise couldn't get enough sailing, and in their spare time Sherman Hoyt and Bubbles Havemeyer cruised in the harbor in little knockabouts with red sails, locally known as redwings. We will remember too, Sir Thomas Lipton's small brown servants, recruited from one of his Ceylonese plantations, serving tea on the Erin; and the crowd on the cliffs watching the run home through the bottle-neck in the first race; and the fog on Monday, when the destroyer with the reporters on board came near cutting down a big schooner; and we will remember most of all that we had a very good time.

—N. B., Jr.

•

ANACHRONISM

In the mummy-case the queen—
brittle toes and matted hair!
Her compelling portrait, seen
on the lid, returns a stare.

Through millenniums enduring
as a relic, for a while
she was laughing and alluring
as a siren by the Nile.

Bead and bauble, tool and chattel,
symbol, amulet, and token,
effigies of sacred cattle
lie beside her, chipped or broken.

In the Bowery I meet
Sadie, similarly fair,
flashy sandals on her feet,
bangle, bead, and busy hair

(mummy-matted, tonsor-twirled,
tinted with a dubious dye),
and a little serpent curled
in the angle of her eye.

—Peggy Bacon

EXQUISITE FRENCH TABLE LACES

give a note of elegance to the season's hospitality

ENTERTAINING smartly this season means entertaining with a new formality and an almost old-fashioned dignity. It follows quite naturally that the table for important dinners, teas and luncheons laid with exquisite laces fits harmoniously into this 1930 vogue of elegance.

McCutcheon's has just received French Filet Cloths, Scarfs and Sets in a very handsome new rose design that illustrates in every stitch the creative genius and expert craftsmanship of Gallic needleworkers. And the prices for these Table Laces, because of our intimate connections with foreign lace centers, are remarkably moderate.

Lace Cloths, 72 x 90 inches	$150.00 each
Luncheon Sets, 13 pieces	82.50 a set
Napkins of Linen, lace edged	35.00 a set
Scarfs start at	13.50 each

McCutcheon's

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 49TH STREET, DEPT. NO. 75, NEW YORK

Do men admire natural color?
JUST ASK ONE!

TANGEE

Like Nature's Own Glow

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within . . . a blush so natural that it seems a part of the lips. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion!

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75c . . . *Crème Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

THE GEORGE W. LUPT COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue New York City

THE RACE TRACK

We Return to Aqueduct
—Farewell, Gallant Fox
—Questionnaire Fails

THREE days at Belmont Park and three at Aqueduct come into my orbit this week. The close of Belmont Park was rather dismal—it always is, because we are leaving the beautiful course, with its comfortable appointments, for another year—and there were ominous cracks in the program, owing to the shrinkage of fields. John Cowdin had the Queens County Jockey Club's course looking spic and span, so we were not brought to earth with quite such a thud as in other years, but quantity rather than quality of the runners made the search for winners more difficult.

WELL, we have seen the last of Gallant Fox, at least those of us who will not go racing down South next month.. No horse in the history of the turf ever has contributed so much to his owner's exchequer—$328,165 to date—and I daresay William Woodward has had to add another shelf to his trophy sideboard to hold the cups and pieces of plate his colt has won. Of course, superlatives are being showered on Gallant Fox, but in my book he is not the New Horse of the Century, although—in case readers of these notes have forgotten—I picked him last April to make a clean sweep of his engagements. The most remarkable thing about him to me is that, although he has been in training since February, and has run ten hard races, he is handsomer, and heavier by several hundred pounds, than when I saw him at Jamaica in April. This is something of a tribute to his trainer, Jim Fitzsimmons, as well as to his constitution. In his farewell appearance at Belmont Park, he won the Jockey Club Gold Cup without being off a tight rein. His action is perfection and he stays like a Rolls-Royce.

IT was amazing to see James Butler's Questionnaire vanquished so easily by Live Oak, a 30-to-1 chance, in the Edgemere Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend. I am quite certain that Questionnaire's hard race with Gallant Fox in the Realization

Forget
THE UNHOLY THREE . . .
subway, elevated and trolley

Live at 101 West 55th Street and Walk

One block east is the Fifth Avenue shopping district. Scarcely farther away to the west is Broadway—the theatre zone. Central Park is four blocks to the north. And the Grand Central Zone is a brisk ten minute walk. In most of the apartments you will find every convenience; fireplaces, service vestibules, shower mixers, electric refrigerators, dish washing machines. And you will find the staff here most courteous and efficient.

4 rooms—from $2000. 2, 3, 5, 6 rooms

101 WEST 55th

Renting and Managing Agent:

14 East 47th Street — BROWN, WHEELOCK, HARRIS, VOUGHT & CO., INC. — Wickersham 5500

Re-Opened Under New Management

Woodmansten Inn is re-opened for the season—a gay place to dine . . . a smart place to dance. Special catering for private parties.

HUSTON RAY and his Columbia Broadcasting Orchestra

WOODMANSTEN INN

Off Pelham Parkway
no COVER CHARGE

Stakes and his winning the Twin City Handicap five days later took a bit too much out of him. We should have been warned when he stripped noticeably light for the Jerome Handicap, and was beaten by Mr. Sponge and Caruso after being carried wide and interfered with on the turn.

Admitting all this, I am still at a loss to account for the improvement of Live Oak. Less than a week before, he was down the course to Dr. Freeland, and it is possible the handicapper might have had him, as they say at dear old Newmarket. In the Edgemere, however, he galloped to such purpose that Questionnaire never was close to him.

THOMAS HITCHCOCK did a bit of horse-trading last week, giving Cree to Charlie Schwartz in exchange for his Katrina, the gray polo pony who attracted so much attention in the International matches. I think I have written of Cree before, and probably have claimed for him that he is the best three-year-old jumper we have seen in years. I believe he will be hard to beat in the Harbor Hill Steeplechase this weekend. The opposition, I think, will come from Argonaut, whom we saw win so impressively at the first asking. Had Argonaut been sent to the yearling sales at Newmarket two years ago, he would have brought five figures in guineas; but he was a disappointment to Marshall Field, who sold him to Mrs. Plunkett Stuart.

BACKING horses to show may be profitable but it is an insidious habit. Bob Smith says he was having an unusually bad run of luck out in California one winter, and one particular afternoon lost five bets. In desperation he inspected his dope book and conjured up a 12-to-1 chance, which he backed. And it won. In those days Fred Eshner was in the money, but he always played 'em to show. Meeting him after the race, Bob told him of his good luck. "Py Chimminy, I wished I had a thousand to show on that fella," said Eshner.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

WANTED—By two Protestant American adults, small home with improvements, near Boston, where saxophone practice is not objectionable. Address O.A.M. Transcript.—*Adv. in the Boston Transcript.*

What's the good of improving a home like that?

HAL KEMP

and his orchestra

Late of the Hotel Manger, New York; Café de Paris, London; and Ambassadeurs, Paris.

featured at both dinner and supper

DON DICKERMAN'S DAFFYDIL

46 West 8th Street

Re-opening

Saturday, October 4th

For reservations phone George

Spring 0223-0224

Luncheon and Tea

HOWARD HUGHES'
Thrilling Air Spectacle

HELL'S ANGELS

The First Multi-Million Dollar Talking Picture
—NOW SHOWING AT BOTH—

GAIETY Bway. at 46th St.
CRITERION Bway. at 44th St.

Twice Daily 2:30—8:30
3 Times Sunday 3-6-8:45
Nights 75c to $2.50. Daily Mats. 50-75-$1. Sat. & Holiday Mats. 50-75-$1.00-$1.50

A Heavenly Picture of A Heavenly Hell!

"OUTWARD BOUND"

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE B'way at 51st St.

Warner Bros. & Vitaphone Pictures
Both Theatres
Daily 2:45-8:45—Sun. 3-6-8:45

What A Grand Old Sinner He Was!

GEORGE ARLISS
in
"OLD ENGLISH"

WARNER BROS. THEATRE
B'way & 52d St.

LYSISTRATA

The comedy hit you hear about!
with
Blanche Yurka, Ernest Truex, Charles Coburn, Nydia Westman, Eric Dressler, Hope Emerson, Ruth Garland, Jerome Lawler, Mary Morris, Etienne Girardot, Ian Wolfe, The Humphrey-Weidman Dancers and 70 others.

44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT."

William Harris, Jr., presents
this comedy by Zoë Akins

Sam H. Harris Theatre West 42nd St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30
Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

THE GREEN PASTURES

Pulitzer Prize Play
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

ROXY

7th AVE. & 50th St.
Dir. S. L. ROTHAFEL (Roxy)

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

LOUIS WOLHEIM, LEWIS AYRES, JOHN WRAY
ON STAGE: Most sensational prologue—music—drama—action—color

"An entertaining revue—good humored, handsome, debonair; done with taste, smooth showmanship and intelligence."—
John Chapman, News

THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW

New Edition

Best Seats $1 to $4.40 at Box Office
on sale for 8 weeks

ROYALE Thea. W. 45 St. Evs. 8:20
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

The Most Important Picture in 15 Years!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK Presents

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

First All Talking Picture

"LINCOLN"

with Walter Huston
and Una Merkel

Now! Daily at 2:45 & 8:45

CENTRAL THEATRE
Broadway & 47th St.
Mats. 50c, 75c, $1. Eves. 75c, $1, $1.50, & $2.

David Belasco presents

DANCING PARTNER

A New Comedy

A New Comedy with Lynne Overman, Irene Purcell, Henry Stephenson, Charlotte Granville

BELASCO Thea., 44 St. E. of B'way. Evs. 8:40
Matinées Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
Good seats on sale at box-office

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

"ROADSIDE"

A New comedy by Lynn Riggs

Settings by Robert Edmond Jones.
Staged by Mr. Hopkins

LONGACRE THEA., 48th St. W. of Bway.,
Evs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

TORCH SONG

New drama by KENYON NICHOLSON

"The most noteworthy offering of the new season. As I left the theatre they were standing in the aisles cheering."—*Robert Garland, Telegram.*

PLYMOUTH THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

American début of England's stellar comedienne

GRACIE FIELDS

DAVE APOLLON
The renowned Russian Star
And Other Notable Features

RKO PALACE 47th St. & B'way

The Theatre Guild Presents

THE NEW GARRICK GAIETIES

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way.
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

EMBASSY

THE NEWSREEL THEATRE

BROADWAY AND 46th ST.

ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME
Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE

PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM
Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Show every Saturday

SHUBERT Thea. 44th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
The MESSRS. SHUBERT Present

IVOR NOVELLO

IN HIS NEW YORK AND LONDON SUCCESS

SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS

with LILIAN BRAITHWAITE
AND ORIGINAL ENGLISH CAST

Majestic Thea. 44th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
The MESSRS. SHUBERT Present
A New Musical Romance

NINA ROSA

with

GUY ROBERTSON | ETHELIND TERRY | ARMIDA 100 others

EVENINGS: BEST SEATS $5.50

MASQUE 45th ST. Thea. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
LEE SHUBERT Presents

UP POPS THE DEVIL

Genuine Comedy Hit, with
ROGER PRYOR
SALLY BATES & ALBERT HACKETT
Evs. (Ex. Sat.) Best Orch. Seats $3.00

MOROSCO Thea. 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

WALTER WOOLF and VIOLET HEMING

In ELMER HARRIS' American Version of PRINCE BIBESCO'S New Comedy Hit

LADIES ALL

Evs. (Ex. Sat.) Best Orch. Seats $3.00

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO THEA., W. 42 St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GEORGE WHITE'S

ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES

FLYING HIGH

With BERT LAHR ~ OSCAR SHAW
SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

EARL CARROLL VANITIES

8th Edition — All New

67 Glittering Scenes—1000 Laughs
HERB WILLIAMS—JIMMY SAVO—JACK BENNY
A cast of 150 and the
Most Beautiful Girls in the World
462 Good Balcony Seats at $1.00

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, W. 42 ST.
Evenings & Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LEXINGTON

LOEW'S 51 ST.

Sept. 27, 28, 29—RONALD COLMAN in "RAFFLES;" Sept. 30 & Oct. 1—JACK OAKIE in "LET'S GO NATIVE;" Oct. 2 & 3—"JOURNEY'S END."

51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Metaphysics and the Magnates—Africa Gone Talkie—Mr. Keaton at the Front

A GENERAL notion that the movie people are interested only in bright and cheery ideas is often refuted by the reverence with which they will treat a tragic theme. They will on occasion lend their best actors to the depiction of some such subject, and these performers themselves, I suspect, later refer to their work in this picture, though perhaps it brought them comparatively little money or advertisement, as something especially fine and indicative of what they could do were not the public so voracious for mere entertainment. In such cases, too, the cameraman is allowed full license to employ his trickiest devices, and the whole production will be offered in the richest and most lavish edition the movies know. "Outward Bound" is the latest example of this kind of thing.

"Outward Bound," at the Hollywood, is the perfect answer, as you may understand if you saw the play, to this urge in the hearts of the movie magnates. Not only does it present the solemn problem of the hereafter, our life after death, but it goes one step further and presents it in a diverting, simple, and easily pictured fashion. With commendable discretion movie people, like other sagacious persons on this earth, have no time for any momentous theories unless they have also some diverting aspects. Thus "Outward Bound" proposes the possibility that after our death we carry on very much the same professions and routines that we had on earth. That the slightest reasoning on this sentimental fancy renders it forbidding is no objection here, as the small group of people involved in the play is selected with care for drama and comedy. A pair of lovers, a worldly, wicked old widow, a clergyman, a scrubwoman, an attractive and articulate, alcoholic young man, are the chief characters in the story. They discover themselves on a liner, no tub of Charon's, a great liner, with vast mist-enswathed decks, and endless corridors of cabins, bound out into the sea. Only gradually does it dawn upon each of them that he does not know whither he is going, and only after that awareness does he perceive that he is dead. There is room then for the character comedy to be found when any hit-or-miss group of people is thrown together, and the play has enough of that to counteract the grim thesis with which it deals. The sentimental situation, too, of the young lovers, who are by some mystic logic not dead after all, as it turns out, disturbs our tender hearts. There is, to be sure, too much argument in a high, elaborate vein about death and its meaning, which the deliberate talking mechanism prolongs at times tediously. The talkies are by no means the vehicle for abstract discussion.

It is excellently acted. A better cast could not have been found, with Leslie Howard doing with distinction the part Alfred Lunt played on the stage, with young Fairbanks surpassing himself, with Beryl Mercer, Dudley Digges, Alison Skipworth, and Helen Chandler as well. As is also to be expected, the camerawork and the sets are good, except for the ridiculous backdrop shown us at one time, picturing the city of Heaven as something like Tudor City in a dream.

"AFRICA SPEAKS" is another travelogue of the wilds, but the sound accompaniment stressed in the title, though occasionally interesting with its squeaks and squawks of the beasts and birds, is by no means the most important element of the film. This recounts the adventures of Mr. Paul Louis Hoefler through Central Africa, with the usual struggles through the jungles and the usual call upon the pygmies, who would seem to be the most visited people on the face of the globe. The film is not entirely commonplace, however. There is shown a storm, a tornado, of locusts which will do as much as anything ever revealed about that continent to discourage travel to Africa. There happens also to be tucked away toward the end of the picture probably the most shocking incident ever portrayed on the screen in a Broadway theatre; namely, the killing of a little native boy by a lion. I may be naïvely deceived here. The scene may be faked; but if it is,

The Hard-Boiled Critics Laugh!

After yawning on Broadway—New York Critics rush to the

NATIONAL WINTER GARDEN BURLESQUE

And enjoy themselves. Hard-to-please Walter Winchell recommends our "Girlesk for Howls".

Come to 2nd Ave. & Houston St.

ORChard 2772

Mats. Daily 2:20—Evenings 8:30

40 Fizzy Femmes and Principals

New show Every Monday

MUSIC BOX THEATRE W. 45 St. Eves. 8:50

Matinées Thurs. & Sat. at 2:30

SAM H. HARRIS presents

"ONCE IN A LIFE TIME"

A New comedy by Moss Hart & Geo. S. Kaufman

A. H. WOODS presents ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

Arranged by Laurence Stallings

Staged by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

NATIONAL Thea., 41st St. W. of 7th Ave. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Brock Pemberton Presents

Strictly Dishonorable

Preston Sturges' famous comedy with TULLIO CARMINATI

Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton

Never at cut rates

AVON Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30 2nd YEAR

JOE COOK

in His Newest, Maddest Musical

"FINE and DANDY"

135 STAR-STUDDED CAST with 70 World's Loveliest Girls 135

ERLANGER'S THEATRE West 44th St.

Eves. 8:30—Matinées Wed. & Sat. 2.30

a pain in the neck

does not always come from rubbering at tin-foil towers, but more often from seeking soulful cinemas. banish such aches by regular attendance at

the paramount

where there's paramount's "virtuous sin"... incurred by transferring a little loving by kay francis and walter huston to the talking screen. despite will hay's nth commandment. jesse crawford still has the organ.

the rivoli— united artists

where paramount's "monte carlo" still teases and pleases as lubitsch shows a few of jeanette macdonald's good points for the benefit of jack buchanan and the paying customers.

the rialto

is that easy marx to look at, harpo, and those easier marx to listen to, groucho and chico, plus zeppo in paramount's "animal crackers".

luxurious and comfortable,

these are

publix theatres

I am one of the people fooled. One sees the child running in obvious terror before the beast, and the fatal leap of the animal. It is all sudden and unexpected and to the last degree startling. One is then privileged to behold a brief glimpse of Mr. Hoefler's stricken grief.

AMONG the more ordinary pictures of the week is another grim affair with the young Fairbanks (not at his best). "The Way of All Men" (from "The Deluge") presents another group of people, awaiting death this time, as they are shut in a saloon by a flood. Not so much talent and care have been spent on this picture as on "Outward Bound" and it simmers off rather shabbily toward the finale, but it is not without its moments. Rex Beach's "The Spoilers" is again screened, this time with Gary Cooper. Except for a first-rate scrap at the end, this story of the Gold Rush and life in Nome is emphatically tedious, and Mr. Cooper displays no great histrionic gift.

The only lighter element of the moment is Buster Keaton's "Doughboys," and his usual portrayal of the unhappy, somewhat wizened victim of our age and system is often quite funny. This is, of course, about the front lines, with much scampering about through the mud and many squabbles with top sergeants and the like. —J. C. M.

•

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS

BUS CONDUCTOR

Secure upon his rearward perch,
He sees the traffic surge and lurch—
The taxis' leaps, the trucks' careens,
The snorts of haughty limousines.

He's threatened by the churning throng,
And those who get their corners wrong,
And matrons who, with giddy airs,
Precariously mount the stairs.

Yet howsoever mad the scene,
The bus conductor rides serene—
Galvanic only when it's time
To come around and get the dime.

—BURKE BOYCE

•

The surgical record states that within the preceding nine months the patient had had pneumonia and had also had her appendix removed.
conducive to a neurotic condition?"
conducive to a neurotic condition?
asked the reporter.—*The World.*

Biting the end of his pencil.

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET
NEW YORK

SUITE RESERVATIONS
Now Being Made

OPEN
OCTOBER FIRST

Typically Furnished Suites may be seen by Appointment
Telephone REGent 5901

OCTOBER RECREATION

Nature's vivid season in the Piedmont, and Sedgefield estate in all its glory of autumnal beauty. Fifty miles of bridle trails you will never tire of—Golf on the famous course that this year held both men's and women's Southern Amateur tournaments. Delightful Sedgefield Inn with its old English atmosphere of restful comfort offering the superb modern convenience you rightly expect. Overnight from New York.

MAIN LINE SOUTHERN R.R.
U. S. ROUTE 70
N. C. ROUTE 10
SEDGEFIELD INN
SEDGEFIELD ... GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA
JOHN C. WALLER ..... MGR.

APARTMENTS
are our specialty . . .
. . . our apartment specialists have all the better apartments at their fingertips . . . they know just where to find the apartment you are thinking of, either furnished or unfurnished . . . just call Eldorado 2300.
Gaines, Van Nostrand & Morrison, Inc.
383 Madison Ave. *Eld. 2300*
41 Fifth Ave. *Stuy. 1180*

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, SEPT. 17

THE hottest day recorded in London for nineteen years brought out some curious sidelights on the English character. In the first place, the Englishman apparently really prefers his gray days and his weeping skies. The sudden advent of a little fine weather sent him trudging along his streets with an expression of complete misery. Secondly, that formality and that correctness which are at once England's pride and the terror of all other people would seem to be merely a matter of climate. Comes one hot day, and the Stock Exchange flings off its toppers and coats, and perfectly respectable suburban ladies go shopping in bathing suits.

One feature of that terrific Friday which surprised and delighted the City was that all the little typists, as if by common arrangement, turned up at their offices in full evening dress. They were more comfortable that way, and the chance of displaying their finery before the office-boy and the boss might never come again. London in the heat, in fact, presented any number of curious sights. In a short voyage of exploration I saw two small and very naked boys being chased from the Trafalgar Square fountains by a portly policewoman, until they were lost among the automobiles and buses; six blasé young women marooned on a Piccadilly Circus traffic island in attractive beach clothes; a platoon of soldiers in thick woollen jerseys and heavy blue trousers leaving their barracks smartly at the double; and a ducal-looking gentleman stretched asleep on a bench in Hyde Park.

ALL this added a fillip to Mr. Lansbury's latest suggestion: to transform Trafalgar Square from a barren acreage of aching pavement to a shady pleasance of lawns and trees and flowers. As usual, he has a benevolent millionaire in tow, who is quite ready to find the means. He envisages tables with gaily striped umbrellas, strings of colored electric bulbs, and the bitter whiff of beer.

Whether this comes to anything or not, the South Africa Building on the east side of the Square is going, and so is the Golden Cross. The South Africa Building was quite hideous, so whatever goes up on its site will inevitably be a great improvement. There has been a Golden Cross on the same spot for three centuries, though the present one was built exactly a hundred years ago. Before the days of railways it was the great coaching terminus. Fifty-seven coaches left its courtyard daily, and seven hundred horses were always kept ready for them.

Close by is a famous firm of bootmakers who are moving to Garrick Street after eighty-one years in their present shop. They have a letter from Carlyle on the walls, dated 1868, and addressed "Mr. Dowie, The Strand, or whatever the right address might be." It reads: "Not for your sake alone, but for a public suffering much in its feet, I am willing to testify that you have yielded me complete and unexpected relief in that particular." The great coloratura historian, it would seem, was not above distributing testimonials in return for a little publicity.

THAT remarkable family, the Dolmetschs, have been holding their annual musical festival down at Haslemere. Mr. Dolmetsch has a theory that, since Bach, Haydn, and Mozart composed before the days of the piano and the modern orchestral instruments, their pieces should be played on the harpsichord, the viol, the viola da gamba, the violone, and that strangely named thing, the recorder. He is perfectly right. To hear his family plucking busily away at these instruments is to realize an amazing richness of tone which is completely lacking in the conventional orchestration.

Mr. Dolmetsch not only plays these instruments, he makes them. Indeed, they have become a philosophy of life. He has four children, and they all live in a Surrey fastness, wearing weird garments, sandals and djubbahs, eating fruit and indigestible nuts, growing their hair, and improving their souls and the happiness of mankind with glue and sweet music. Each completed instrument bears a motto, in French: "Music is better than noise."

Mr. Dolmetsch's best market is the United States. He can never catch up on his orders, but he refuses to install the modern machinery which would make him a rich man.

THE moon is in its mad quarter. The Channel-swimming season

OVERLOOKING EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK

Large, new addition. Furnished or unfurnished. Serving pantries. Roof solarium. Excellent cuisine.

1 ROOM AND BATH
complete maid service and electric light
from $75 monthly

1 ROOM, BATH, SERVING PANTRY
complete maid service, electric light and refrigeration
from $90 monthly

2 ROOMS AND BATH
complete maid service and electric light
from $110 monthly

HOTEL GRAMERCY PARK
52 Gramercy Park N., New York
Telephone: GRAmercy 4340

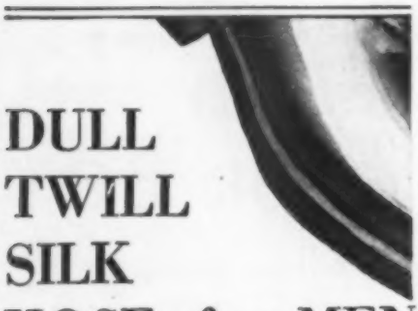
YOUR BOY
will be properly prepared for COLLEGE OR BUSINESS AT THE
BERKELEY IRVING SCHOOL
311 WEST 83rd STREET
Near Riverside Drive—Endicott 5639

DAY SCHOOL. Our own Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, and Roof Playground. Small classes, School Bus.
Send for catalogue and list of patrons "From Primary to College."

51st year

Shoes bright, hose dull

NEW THIS FALL



DULL TWILL SILK HOSE *for* MEN

JUST because they're new and fashionable is no reason why they should be expensive. Science achieved the dull twill effect by twisting the strands of silk thread; added to the wear, too. Black, white pewter gray, navy blue, mode, Briar brown and Cypress green. Pair $1

SIZES 10 TO 12

WALLACH BROTHERS

489 Fifth Avenue (at 42nd)

Address mail orders to

114 E. 23rd St., N. Y.

is in full blast, and quite a little colony of mothers is waiting on the shore at Cap Griz Nez buoyed with the thought of swimming home to the children. An enterprising father, not to be outdone, set forth from Dover with two small boys, in a punt. What is more, he not only got over and waved to the group of figures on the surf-line, but came all the way back. The Channel is a bit deep for punting, so the boys took turns at the paddles. In the meantime water bicycles have also been gathering for a Channel crossing, and water skates; and a band played continuously at Brighton for any number of hours, winning the world's non-stop record.

Also, ninety fire engines were called out recently by a young man who would drive up to a public telephone in a car, say he was the policeman on point duty, describe a nasty blaze in a nearby street, and pass on to the next place. When the former King Amanullah was here, he did much the same thing. He was being shown over an up-to-date factory, saw a fire alarm, and before anybody could stop him, pulled the handle. When the engines came, "His Majesty was much amused." Royalty does have its compensations.

Oh, and one-quarter of all the books sold in England during the present year—and this includes biography, metaphysics, fiction, travel, medicine; everything, in fact—were by Edgar Wallace.

PAUL ROBESON has been giving a one-man performance, at the Savoy, which begins with the first act of "The Emperor Jones" and proceeds through the better-known spirituals to "Swanee River" and "Ol' Man River." Mr. Robeson is too good to be wasting his time on these "Scenes From My Successes."

Which is not to say that his show wasn't distinctly worth the seeing; but he can't fill a theatre in quite the same way as the one and only, the incomparable Ruth Draper. She's been here too, all six of her. —A. G.

•

MEMORIES

[*From a Carlisle (Pa.) newspaper*]

Oil City—Here's another record! Dave Reed, 9 years old, retired farmer, lumberjack, oil man, and railroader, estimates he has chewed three tons of tobacco or thereabouts. And he wishes he had it now.

FALL LEASES

Beautifully appointed apartments with serving pantries and refrigeration. Short or long leases.

HOTEL AMBASSADOR

PARK AVENUE at 51st ST., NEW YORK

★ ★ ★ ★ *The bright new* **STAR** *in the light verse firmament*

Baird Leonard

The *New Yorker* favorite, in verse to be nothing less than gloated over.

SIMPLE CONFESSION

★ *$1.50. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation* ★

THE Surrey HOTEL

20 EAST 76th STREET

JUST EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE

A Charming Home for those who demand the best. Full Hotel Service. Exquisite Cuisine. Large Rooms and Closets. Serving Pantries. Terraces available. Also several two and three room suites.

IT MIGHT LAPSE

WHEN I entered the dining-room of the New Bedford boat coming back to New York, my eyes were attracted by two elderly, bibulous ladies whose noses were like ripe tomatoes. Bright sunset flushes were on their ancient countenances. This venerable indecorum was topped by the little hard, decorous straw hats affected generally by New England ladies. Strange, from the narrow black dresses and the hard, black varnished hats, to behold Bacchus grinning.

As if attracted by my gaze, the head-waiter led me with ceremony to the table with the little old ladies with the boiled faces. Then I recognized them. They were the Aunt Martha and Cousin Elizabeth of a friend of mine. The matter with their complexions was not drink but what they cheerily referred to as "sun tan." Their sobriety had been equalled only by their awful rectitude, the whole enveloped with a frightening degree of respectability. Yet, as one saw them across the room, they indubitably gave the upsetting aspect of two hilariously tight old ladies.

HAVING exchanged prim greetings, I looked away. I could not bear the sight of those venerable faces, vermilion beneath their hard, crustacean hats.

My glance was arrested by two bright mahogany gentlemen talking with one who resembled a purple plum about to burst. High blood-pressure doing its darndest, it seemed. From there my gaze wandered to a bright-red-flannel-colored old boy whose flaming face was trimmed with snow-white hair. My eyes sped on, around the dining-room, past inconceivable waggishnesses of colors.

The noses! Oh! the bright scarlet noses. Oh! the beacon lights of noses! Oh! the scalps with little pink leprous spots peeled from them. The lobster-pink countenances with leprous spots. All around me were peeling ladies. Old ones and young ones. The venerable and the tender. Their skin had cracked and shrivelled. It had reddened and peeled. Others there were who had turned black.

Negroid gentlemen with disquieting pale eyes passed by.

UPON these blemished countenances was spread a look of modest joy. Their indecorous and fantastic faces had the aspect of those expecting from on high the commendation: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

There were a few whose tan was a pleasant and golden brown—an ingrained thing. Most of these red gentlemen with luminous noses, magenta, scarlet, purple, or crimson faces, torchlike noses, were intemperate weekenders. From every countryside, by boat and train, they were all speeding back to town, with skin peeling, painful and burned features, swollen and reddened to the point of travesty but happy in having performed a righteous and healthy act. A quaint custom.

"NOW we've got a good start," I heard Aunt Martha chirp, "we better get one of those sun lamps, Elizabeth."

"Hadn't we better go to the solarium to have it done? They say you may get cancer if you do it yourself."

"I'm going to get a lamp. I can't let this sun tan lapse," said Aunt Martha, with decision, and her crimson countenance took on firm lines. And I knew that even now, speeding home, were thousands on thousands like her. Sun-sufferers, sun-scorched—purple and peeling, waiting only "to expose themselves," as they called it, to the rays of the sun-tan lamp.

"*It might lapse!*" she repeated, and I watched with fascinated horror while, with a dexterous and accustomed gesture, she peeled a long slither of skin from her poor burned arm.

—MARY HEATON VORSE

•

SOUR GRAPES FOR OCTOBER 1

He who slumbers on a par
With infant moon and evening star
And looks with intimacy on
A mackerel sky, a misty dawn,
Must needs be cautious lest he grow
To take such things for granted. So
It may be just as well that I
Can't have a penthouse in the sky.
Perchance it's just as well to be
Where it's impossible to see
The rivers and the boats unless
I wash my face and change my dress
And hop a crosstown trolley car.
Perhaps it's better to be far
From all the radiance of the earth
And see the show for what it's worth.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

BERNIE CUMMINS is back again...

With his orchestra peppier than ever... a healthy coat of tan and his usual radiant personality. His music is more popular than ever judging from the number of extra tables that have to be placed in the Terrace Restaurants these brisk, delightful nights. It behooves one to make a reservation for supper or dinner... there's no couvert charge at dinner—$1.00 couvert after 10 p.m. except Saturdays and Holidays then $2.00.

New Yorker room rates are $3.50 a day and up, with thrifty reductions to permanent guests

THE NEW YORKER
Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel
34th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City
RALPH HITZ · Managing Director

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HIT THE SWITCH!

ON Stage B—this was in the Paramount studio at Astoria where they are making sound pictures—Ed Wynn was working on a comedy, and we moved down a tremendous hall past a confusion of prison cells and village streets and fashionable drawing-rooms toward a patch of brilliant light in a far corner. We reached the patch of light and found that Stage B was a moderately clear space in the floor. It was set to represent the backstage of a theatre. In the middle of the clear space there was a bench and a little arbor of latticework with artificial leaves twined above it. A welter of flies and wings were piled against the brick walls in the far background, half concealing a spiral stairway that led, for the purposes of the film story, to the dressing-rooms of the chorus girls.

Stage A and Stage C were cut off from this appointed spot upon the floor by great banks of arc-lamps in black frames. They were darkened at the moment, but they were perched on stands at every conceivable distance from the ground, staring blankly down upon the flimsy little arbor like sombre rooks which never spoke. In an irregular line, beneath the arc-lamps, were the cameras.

Fifty people moved listlessly about the confused space. There were girls in bright evening dress, looking strange as they moved past groups of drowsy, shirt-sleeved men who frowned and talked among themselves. The air reverberated to the bang of hammers and of heavy properties being hauled about the floor on other stages. Wynn and his director, disputing a choice of absurd hats for the comedian in his next scene, had to shout to make themselves heard in the din. The confusion of loud noises seemed to gather in the trussed arches of the roof high overhead and to echo in a steady, enervating growl.

This was, of course, quite different from the stage I had learned to expect in these days of the talkies. Somebody had told me of craftily built enclosures with soundproof walls, and silence that was like secrecy, and mysterious devices whereby the director might communicate with his puppets. But in this stage hardly a detail was different from the old silent-movie sets.

I submitted my astonishment to an assistant director and he offered explanations. When the talkies made their advent, he said, technical experts had gained complete ascendancy over directors and producers, who were stunned with the new order and aware of their own ignorance in the face of an entirely fresh technique. With the familiar habit of their kind, the experts had worked out brilliant theories concerning the physics of sound, and the result of these theories was the soundproof stage, the non-echoing walls, the cloistered silence in which the first talking pictures were shot. It was experience, alas, which taught the producers that most of these refinements belonged under the head of expensive nonsense: that sound pictures could be made just about as well in an old barn as in the million-dollar glass cages.

Of course, certain elemental precautions are necessary. When a scene is to be shot, the carpenters have to suspend their hammering, and the scenepainters must stop singing at their work. The cameras are insulated with a boxlike covering that prevents the noise of their shutters from reaching the microphone. Occasionally an uncouth noise will interrupt a scene—a factory whistle will blow in the neighborhood or the fire department will hurry by or some careless fellow will drop a handsaw. But the periods of actual shooting occupy only a few minutes every day. The interruption of all labor in the studio during the actual grinding of the cameras is very brief and unimportant economically. And not many scenes have to be retaken because of outside noises that are picked up by the microphone.

"Yes, from now on I'm devoting myself exclusively to the cause of labor."

CLUSTERED about the director, the players and the technical people were going over the next scene. (A scene is rarely discussed and never rehearsed until just before the time for shooting it.) My guide assured me that the cameras would not begin

for the
MUSICAL
Gourmet

records of taste and distinction

RARE AND IMPORTED
Victor Records

The music you want when you want it.

Encyclopedia of the World's Best Recorded Music sent you on request. Price twenty-five cents postpaid.

The Gramophone Shop
18 East 48th Street
Wickersham 1876

All disks reviewed in the New Yorker are kept in stock.

LAST CHANCE!

—to learn the new steps at reduced summer rates!

TAKE advantage of this opportunity to become a brilliant, finished dancer. You can now learn all the smart new steps—acquire ease, poise, finish—*in one-fourth* the usual time. All lessons private. Don't wait—this is your last chance at *the special low summer rates!* Call for a free 10-minute guest lesson and dance analysis. Studio open till 10 P. M. for visitors.

ARTHUR MURRAY, 7 East 43d

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

to grind for another hour at the very least, and I would have ample time to inspect the technical apparatus.

There were four cameras. Three of them were the familiar movie cameras, a little bulky with their sound-insulation but recognizable. The fourth was the sound camera. Instead of a lens, it was fitted with a microphone at the end of a very long, very thin telescopic arm. The arm thrust out from the camera like the tentacle of an insect, and the microphone at its end was poised immediately over the spot where the action was to take place—high enough to be invisible to the lenses of the other cameras. As the actors moved about, the arm could be extended or shortened, raised or lowered in an instant so that the sound-collecting microphone always hovered over them.

The sound camera does not carry its own film. It merely carries certain electrical equipment which transmits the sound from the microphone to a telephone wire. The telephone wire carries the speech of the players to the central sound-recording room in the basement.

IN this central room is a sound camera which does carry film. It is almost identical with the conventional picture cameras which record the action visibly. The lens of this second sound camera stares at two infinitesimal reeds which receive the sound from the apparatus upstairs on the set. As the impulses come to the reeds they vibrate after the manner of the membrane in the reproducing mechanism of a gramophone. The gap between them narrows and widens. And through this changing gap a bright light shines. The film takes pictures of the varying intensity of this light. The resulting line on the film, when projected through proper equipment in the theatre, reproduces the sound exactly as a gramophone does.

The picture cameras on the set are

TALK
of the town!

INDEED, it is smart to know something about "Beetleware"—whether you own a piece or not. For the rich-hued, shell-like, ★unbreakable tumblers, coasters, cups, plates and so forth, are the "talk of the town."

Easy to become acquainted, too, as this new product of art and science is carried by the best stores. But, you probably have seen them at bridges, informal luncheons, teas or picnics. Their glorious colors and translucent, satiny surfaces catch all eyes.

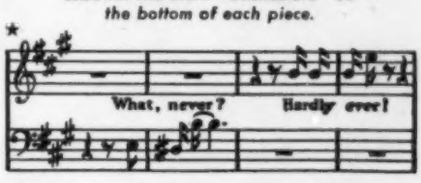
Around the youngsters, "Beetleware" tumblers are sound economy. Drop them on the floor; they do not break or chip. Useful in the nursery, bathroom, kitchen, truly "Beetleware" is the product of endless uses. Six lovely pastel hues and three solid colors, red, orange, black.

Other "Beetleware" Sets

Lovely tall tumblers, with coasters, for iced drinks.
Tumblers in sets of six nested in leather picnic cases.
Bridge sets of 4 tumblers with coasters.
Cups and saucers, salad plates, bread and butter plates, small oval trays—smart for informal service.
Whoopee cups—6 jolly little cups, in gay assorted colors, nesting within the largest one, under a cover.

Look for the mark "Beetleware" on the bottom of each piece.

★



"Beetleware"
Durable Tumblers

BEETLEWARE CORPORATION
535 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
A subsidiary of American Cyanamid Company

TUESDAY—the day when that daring Frenchman, Gaston de l'Embonpoint summoned enough courage to be the first man to eat an oyster, thus putting the R in several months of the year.

It's Tuesday.

Tuesday is also the day when peoplewith highly developed radio selectivity tune in on The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers (at 8.45 p.m. over WABC) for fifteen minutes of musical mouth-watering.

WILL OSBORNE
presents
His Supper Club
159 W. 49th St.
New York
AT
ELEVEN O'CLOCK
FRIDAY EVENING
OCTOBER THIRD
Formal

Will Osborne and His Boys will appear in person every evening thereafter—Sundays excepted

Reservations, phone Fred, Circle 1624, Circle 10232, 10265

ALVIENE SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

Musical Comedy, Stage and Concert Dancing, Vocal, Story Telling, Elocution, etc. for Talking Pictures, Radio, Stage, Teaching, Directing and Personal Development. Stock Theatre training, appearances while learning, stress skill, artistry and personality. Pupils, Mary Pickford, Fred and Adele Astaire, Lee Tracy, etc. (Classes forming). For catalog 35 apply N. Y. Erwin, Sec'y, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

no longer wound by hand-crank. They are turned by the same electric motor which turns the film in the sound camera so that the speed of all is perfectly synchronized. When the super-special is finished, the sound negative and the picture negative are developed as a single film, and the resulting positive carries both sound and photographs.

One other piece of equipment makes the set for a talkie look different from the old silent-movie set. It is the control booth, a little soundproof room on wheels that follows the action silently wherever it may go, bearing an expressionless young man who stares through a glass window and tinkers with a row of knobs. To this young man there comes through a loud-speaker every sound from the stage, in exactly the same pitch and timbre that is received by the microphone. If the voices become too loud he can tune them down by turning one of his knobs. Or if a character moves out of the scene more rapidly than the microphone on its arm can follow him, the turning of another knob will make certain that his fraught words do not dwindle in the distance and become simply a murmur of sound.

The young man in the booth we were watching had a miserable time that afternoon, and he was able to convince the director that the talkies are still a little mysterious in the taking. But we'll come back to that.

THEY finally got through with the rehearsal, and were ready to shoot. The action required a minute and forty-nine seconds to play. They began discussing and going through the routine at two o'clock. At four-thirty the director said he was ready, and politely asked everybody to find his proper place.

"Lights," he called. The black rooks that hovered on their gaunt trees became small suns and drowned us with an overwhelming radiance.

"Give 'em the bell," he suggested. An electric bell rang four long times, and when the echo of its clangor died the studio was more still than a cathedral. In all its vast reach of echoing walls there was no faint whisper of sound, and nobody moved. The director's voice fell to a conversational tone.

"Build it up, now," he urged quietly. "Get to talking, girls. You're excited. . . ." He turned toward the battery of camera people. "Ready?" he asked.

The chief picture-camera man said "Speed, Harry."

The chief sound-picture man said "Speed."

There was a chatter of laughing girls in the middle of the stage, exclamations over huge baskets of flowers, and the fevered arrival of a man. The director said, leaning forward in his canvas chair: "Hit the switch. . . ."

You detect the new jargon. In the change from the old, familiar "Action —camera" to the laconic phrase "Hit the switch" there is somewhere lurking a comment upon the increasing sway of mechanism over the manufacture of these fables in celluloid. When the two technical men said "Speed" they were checking the velocity of the film that their cameras were winding —for now that this film is turned by an electric motor it must be brought gradually to the proper momentum, or it will break. When the director ordered them to hit the switch, he opened lens and microphone to the action on the stage, and thereafter he could not speak again.

IT was amusing to watch the despair of Wynn—an old stage player but a novice before the sound camera. It was enormously difficult for him to confine his antics to the range of the cameras, and several times the action was stopped when the photographers held up their hands in resignation and confessed that they were shooting an empty floor. And it was just as difficult for him to build up the proper enthusiasm for a bit that required less than two minutes to play.

"I can't do it," he complained. "I just can't do it when somebody says 'Go out there and be funny for two minutes.'"

But finally the crafty fellow found his device. His position, when the switch was hit, was just offstage, and he did not enter until a moment or

two after the action began. At the second shooting, when the director asked that everybody get ready, Wynn sighed: "Madame Scheff is ready!" The bit of nonsense drew a snicker, and that was enough to build him up. It gave him that little surge of stimulation which was enough to make his wild clowning something more than childish horseplay. For twenty reshootings he repeated the silly phrase. Reiteration made it more ridiculous, the snicker increased with each repetition, and at the last he was really funny.

They did not get enough shots of the scene really to satisfy the director, for there was an interruption. The expressionless young man in the booth walked out to the middle of the stage.

"There's a hum," he said, glancing vaguely toward the ceiling and the arc-lamps.

"What kind of a hum?" asked the director.

"Something technical," said the young man. "It's an induced hum. I told 'em they'd have to fix it. This stuff sounds lousy."

The director seemed quite lost. Everybody looked up toward the ceiling and the expressionless young man sighed. "No use shooting any more now," he said. The director looked at his script and then cast a long, mystified glance toward the control booth. Its small lights, green and red and white, were blinking unintelligibly. He murmured something under his voice and left the set abruptly. Like lost sheep, the actors and the helpers drifted out after him and the young man of the booth, nodding with satisfaction, picked up his hat and went home. —Morris Markey

•

Mr. Guest has no new book of poems this fall, and the good and sufficient reason from the viewpoint of his publishers is that his earlier books are selling so well it would be a pity to interfere with them by putting a new one on the market.—*Boston Herald.*

Yes, but it's playing with dynamite to keep a creative mind inactive.

•

STATESBORO, GA.—E. W. Nance, 106-year-old Confederate, quit drinking when he was 104, and God knows he has felt better ever since. The words are his own. The sentiment is heartfelt.—*Ft. Valley (Ga.) Leader Tribune.*

The weather is clear, and the track is fast.

THE ART GALLERIES

A Manet Comes to Rest—Some Brand-New Faces

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art has hung, in Gallery B-19, one of the most important Manets in the world. Some experts declare it is one of the three best. The painting, "The Old Musicians," is from the Chester Dale Collection and was recently brought to this country from Paris, after spending some years in Vienna and points South.

The ways of the Metropolitan have been dark and baffling to us. So far we have seen no announcement of the picture's having been borrowed and hung. When it was shown in Paris last spring, four thousand citizens were interested enough to crowd the Georges Petite Galleries the first day. Our theory is that the Museum resents the coming of the new and tries to offset the pressure of the changing times by secrecy. The authorities feel bound to show modern art when it is shoved in their way, but they won't boast about it. They tried, unsuccessfully, to ward off the overwhelming beauty of Mrs. Havemeyer's collection, but after a year gave up.

THE Manet is a large canvas and represents many of the best strains of the master. It is of the romantic period, so it should not offend the hordes who are loath to move away from the safety of direct representation. On the other hand, it has much of that kind of painting which the artists themselves admire and recognize as the early steps of Modernism. Even if you are not a Frenchman, you will find the picture worth a special trip to the Metropolitan.

We made the pilgrimage to have a last look at the Havemeyer Collection, before its dispersal among the sad and fading ruins that clutter many of the Museum's walls. The visit confirmed our first startled impressions; what we thought giants in spring are still giants. The "Toledo" of El Greco, the "City on a Rock" of Goya, Manet's "Man in a Boat," several exquisite Corots, and two or three Cézannes, not to mention the smaller Degas dancing pictures, are canvases that form a tradi-

A few of the many

MACY TOILETRIES

Fragrant accessories to the dressing-table

Macy's cleansing cream is a delicately perfumed mineral oil compound. It liquefies very quickly. In three sizes: 59c, 94c and $1.59.

The cold cream smooths and softens the skin, and is excellent for removing makeup. It comes in jars for 59c, or 94c; in a tube for 34c.

Quinilla lotion is invaluable for whitening and softening the hands. It dries quickly and is not sticky. 39c, and 21c. And the Almond Lotion, with its pleasant odor, is also a whitener and softener. 47c.

Soft, absorbent cleansing tissues, 29c a box; 3 boxes. 79c.

STREET FLOOR

MACY'S

34th St. and Broadway, New York

BATTING AVERAGE
1000%

AFTER the game is over, and the box scores have been set for the last editions, The Benjamin Franklin begins to pile up its batting average for popularity.

This hotel is the home plate for the sports fan who can be found in our lobby talking it over after the final tally is marked. Whether it be one of the big time collegiate football games or a champion sculling event on our Schuylkill pond, the athletic enthusiasts always prefer The Benjamin Franklin as their Philadelphia address.

And what with the World's Series affair commencing October 1st, this hotel will be the after-game center of the annual classic. Everybody that is anybody, from Babe Ruth to Nick Altrock, will be found somewhere in The Benjamin Franklin, giving the "low-down".

You'll find The Benjamin Franklin to be what you've always wished every other hotel to be. Service is our aim and comfort to our guests is our sole ambition.

1200 Rooms, each with bath

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street

Horace Leland Wiggins *Managing Director*

UNITED

tion strong enough to break the spirit of the haughtiest museum in the world.

THE Lucy Lamar Galleries present until October 15 some screens and panels by Don Blanding and Earl Challenger. They are pretty decorations, said to have been influenced by life in the tropics. The screens especially fall into the category of painting, as the colors are mainly expert and possess charm.

THE Montross Gallery has moved since the spring, and in its new quarters at 785 Fifth Avenue is holding a show—until September 27—that marks the farthest North in commercial exhibitions. It is a collection of the various men who held shows here last winter: Kuhn, Dougherty, B. Walker Tomlin, Bryson Burroughs, Frank London, and others. There are also a few names from the past, such as Horatio Walker, Davies, and even Sully.

We found some interest in the affair by looking at the poetic canvases of Alexander Shilling. He belongs to the Academy tradition, of course, but there is something about his work that is less Academic than his times, and more romantic than many of his contemporaries. Such bits always have an appeal for us and, treasonable though it may be, we can look at a Matisse or Marcoussis the same day we look at pictures in the Shilling school.

In the back room of the new gallery are the latest bowls and plates of Varnum Poor, who is one of our great weaknesses.

THE Balzac Galleries have a show composed of a cross-section of the contemporary market. It contains a gay Dufy, several Chiricos, a Modigliani, a Vlaminck, two Utrillos, and so on.

Several of the pictures are worth while; one, a Pascin, is especially good.

ANOTHER gallery to enter the lists is that of Marie Harriman, at 61 East Fifty-seventh Street. This place will deal in the various Frenchmen who sell so well to the one-hundred-per-cent Americans and will have its first show the beginning of October. Art must be looking up.

HERE AND THERE: The Babcock Galleries are having an exhibition of Jacques LaGrange, paintings said to be "in the creative manner"—to differentiate, we suppose, from those turned out by a sausage machine. . . . The Robertson-Deschamps Gallery is exhibiting portrait drawings of the International polo-players, done by George B. Shepherd . . . . The Dudensing Galleries have sent out tentacles and now have agencies in Chicago, Boston, Minneapolis, Cleveland, St. Paul, and Rochester. . . . The Daniel Gallery will hold its first group show some time in October. —M. P.

•

DISPRAISING TACT

As a matter of fact
  Girls more sweet than clever
  Gain nothing whatever
By tact.

As well-beloved guests
  Their hostesses greet them,
  Proceeding to seat them
By pests.

The old ladies pet them
  And ask them to visit—
  Quite pleasant, but what does it
Get them?

And thrifty old codgers
  Prefer them as spouses
  To run gloomy houses
With lodgers.

Quite honestly, tact is
  A dangerous virtue
  And one it may hurt you
To practice! —ANGELA CYPHER

•

ABSORBED CULTURE. Brooklyn Girl Spent 6 Months in Europe. Culture of the old world was absorbed by Helen Post of 627 Macom St., Brooklyn, in six months trip through Europe.—*Caption in the Sunday News.*

What's her next move, now?

ENGLISH B–1 CONVENES

WILL someone please close the door? . . . Thank you. How would you like to be official door-closer for the rest of this term? . . . Consider yourself appointed, with plenary powers, exclusive jurisdiction, and right of veto on exit and entrance. Hah!

Well, ladies and gentlemen, we have come together for another term of communion with what I like to call the deathless spirits of the ages. Noyes has a phrase somewhere—"purring in the forests of Eternity"—and I like to feel that these are *living* spirits, awaiting only our journey toward them in that mystic wood where they poise, expectant.

As you all must have learned from the Dean, this course is designed—forgive a quotation from the catalogue—"to acquaint students with the forms of English literature." It will be my hope that we may all profit from our discussions, and that a spirit of free argument will prevail. I always like to think that education is not so much what you hear but what you say. Hah! So let's all feel free to say whatever we truly think about the fine flow of this literature we are going to examine.

NOW let's get acquainted. Don't you think it's footless to enter any discussion with strangers? I *hope* we won't be strangers very long. I always ask my classes, regardless of what the Dean might think, to look upon me *in class* as a student along with the rest of you, so I think that's the way to get at the root of the matter, the very essence and pith of our study. Of course, outside, we must observe the arbitrary conventions of university life. Hah!

Well, where's my roll? Curious how a teacher never can find anything he needs on his desk. I remember one of my professors, Doctor MacEarl, Lester Phineas MacEarl, of Oberlin and Stanford, always used to say "Bury a book and a teacher will find it." Hah! And here it is. I'll call at random and we'll start making friends. Our President said yesterday morning in his address—I'm sure we all remember—that a teacher is first of all a friend, second of all an inspiration, and thirdly a kindly despot.

ALL right, let me see. Mr. McDougall. Is Mr. McDougall here? . . . *There* you are. Well, Mr. McDougall, what do you expect to get from this course? . . . English language. I see. Well, Mr. McDougall, I am frank to say that there will be a good deal, quite a good deal of English language bandied around in here. You see, we conduct the course in our mother tongue. If you pay attention, you will recognize a few words. Perhaps we may even have occasion for dates and numerals. You will feel at home. Football signals are after all only numbers. Am I right? Hah!

Now Miss, Miss *Davis*. Is Miss Davis . . . ? Thank you. Miss Davis, who is, to your mind, the greatest poet of our language? Let's get oriented on matters of taste. Yes? . . . Alfred Noyes. So. I feel that Miss Davis is going to give us some valuable contributions this session. In my opinion, Noyes has caught better than any other modern poet the traditional sweep of our literature. We will enjoy our discussion, Miss Davis, when we come to his work.

MISS BENNETT. Miss Bennett? . . . Why did you come to the university? . . . Ladies and gentlemen, I am filled with admiration for this bald frankness. Miss Bennett admits that she wanted to have a good time and learn something. Her honesty is strictly contemporary. We cannot ignore the attitudes of our age. But I *fear*, I ve-ry much fear our friend Miss Bennett is deluding herself if she thinks her kind of good time is available in my course.

Miss Bennett, if you have things to whisper to that interesting gentleman on your left, we will all indulge in three minutes of silent prayer. . . . Beg pa'don? . . . Exquisite! Miss Bennett, you have a genius for remaining in character. My friends, it appears to Miss Bennett that I am "sarcastical." I assure you—believe me, my dear young lady—that I am as mild as a zephyr. Hah!

Well, let us pass on to Mr.—Mr. *Tippet*. Mr. Tippet, after this bravura performance of Miss Bennett's, let us return to a more becoming style. Tell us what an ideal of education means to *you*. . . . The greatest good for the largest number. Well, Mr. Tippet, I enjoy your serious attitude, but I must warn you against the sluggish habit of using quotations in speech. The mind loses its whip, its originality. President Schneider, of Batanka College, once said that "An original thought must be stated in original words to seem original." We shall work on clichés in here, and I hope we will all develop a personal style.

WELL, we are getting acquainted. Let's try another method. Let anybody speak who wants to, after holding up his hand. Or, ladies, *her* hand.

Yes? Just a moment, what's your name? . . . Gatch—what? Gatchep? I'm sorry. Once again. . . . Ga— One moment. People, I consider those snickers very rude. There is no reason in the world to embarrass Mr. Ga—our fellow-student simply because he has an unusual name. I *had* hoped I would not be called upon to teach you manners. But let me say at once that I will do so, with an iron hand, if the need arises. Hah! Now, please—once more? . . . Oh. *Gatch*nip. Thank you. How silly of me. Now what was your question, Mr. Gatchnip? . . . Oh, that old fear again, eh? Mr. Gatchnip wonders if there will be much written work in this course. I might answer that, as they say in the picturesque Virginia mountains, "tol'ble, tol'ble." But don't worry, Mr. Gatchnip, there are far more exhausting things in the world than writing me a term paper of thirty thousand words, fully annotated, with a bibliography of not less than twenty titles, containing at least one original source, the whole typed and bound in accordance with university thesis requirements—far, *far* more exhausting things, Mr. Gatchnip. Hah!

—PAUL HORGAN

•

Although there have been many wild animals and especially bears in Anticosti, the game and fish had been pretty well cut down about 1896 through indiscriminate laughter.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

A rasping laugh will do it as quickly as anything.

On aristocratic Beekman Hill..

• New York's only club-hotel for college women is also available to non-college women, at surprisingly reasonable rates.

Strictly modern, too — this attractive 26-story home — overlooking East River.

ROOM, BATH, $10 TO $24 PER WEEK

Lovely lounges — Library — Roof Garden — Solarium — Gymnasium — Large outside rooms, some with balconies — Modern furnishings — attractive restaurant • Meals optional, lease not required, crosstown bus service, special transient rates. Call personally, or write for illustrated booklet. Phone Eldorado 7300.

Social rooms and complete accomodations for luncheons, bridge parties, banquets, dances, concerts, club meetings. Parking facilities.

the PAN-HELLENIC

A RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN

Sponsored by the National Pan-Hellenic College Fraternities

THREE MITCHELL PLACE · NEW YORK

East 49th Street, at First Avenue

BE YOURSELF, AMERICA!

The American arrived. He was completely delightful. He wore no hat and carried no stick, but he made up for it all by a suit of such a radiant shade of yellow that the hall porter blinked. . . . After he had gone several aged members of the upper house approached me and asked me who he was. They expressed disappointment that I had not introduced him to them in order that he might have brightened up their lives. "Refreshing," they said, wagging their heads amiably, "most refreshing," and proceeded to tell me of equally interesting cases which they had observed themselves. . . . We adore American things that really are American. . . . It is when Americans ape the English that we are inclined to grow a little restive.—*Beverley Nichols in the Herald Tribune.*

MY DEAR MR. NICHOLS:

I WANT to thank you for your article, which I have read over several times, until, indeed, I know it almost by heart. It has cleared up a number of points and I can say, safely, that I shall never make again the mistake I made the last time I was in London.

You know, Mr. Nichols, I felt then that the English were a little cold. I set it down to the British character and the fact it rained all the time, but now I realize that, without at all intending to, I was making you "grow a little restive," as you so delicately put it. You must have thought I was aping the English. It wasn't that. I merely didn't want to be conspicuous. That was why I wore just an ordinary dark suit and black shoes and why I made the mistake of carrying a stick.

I only did it, Mr. Nichols, because I didn't want to startle you. I was afraid that, if I dressed as we all dress here, London would hardly know what to make of it. I didn't realize that, as you say, "several aged members of the upper house" would have thought me "most refreshing" if I had simply let myself go and worn my yellow suit.

I would do a good deal to refresh London, believe me. And if I get over in the next year or two, as I hope to, I'll see what can be done. I won't go out of my way though, you understand. That would be just as bad as the other thing, wouldn't it? I mean if I wore things excessively American —like chaps, for example—it would be a shade ostentatious, don't you think? As though I were boasting. I shall merely dress and act as I do here in New York and as I know you, dear

Mr. Nichols, and the rest of the English expect.

THE yellow suit, now, can readily be managed. I'll just wear the regular yellow suit, which I have worn so often in New York. Don't think, though, that we refreshing Americans are limited to yellow suits. Good heavens, no! You don't know your Americans, Mr. Nichols, if you think that. Wait until you see my green suit. There's a suit, now—American as anything. It has a neat red striping that should refresh not only aged members of the upper house but also even quite youthful members of the lower house. It doesn't show up in Park Avenue, of course, because there are so many like it, but it will go like a house afire—just an Americanism, Mr. Nichols—in Half Moon Street.

I'm going to bring over, also, my pink shirts, which I always wear with the green suit, and some orange shirts which go beautifully with the yellow suit. Your other American didn't have orange shirts, did he, Mr. Nichols? He wasn't really up on the latest thing in America, I'm afraid. But what I'm really looking forward to, Mr. Nichols, is the opportunity to refresh all London with my purple tuxedo —you'd rather I called it a tuxedo, wouldn't you? The American touch. And of course I shan't wear a hat—my hair is cut in a scalping lock, anyway, which makes it pretty hard to wear a hat. Few of us attempt it here in America. And I won't carry a stick, not for anything. Perhaps a six-shooter, but never a stick.

I'LL be more careful of my language, too, Mr. Nichols. I want it to be one of the American things that really are American. I know now I made a mistake last time in attempting to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Hereafter the shorn lamb will have to take his chances, like the aged members. I'll talk just as I do here at home when I come again—"I swan," "waal," "gosh," and all the rest of it. We all talk that way over here, of course, and it was a mistake to try to change. I didn't fully realize that you just wanted us to be ourselves.

Really, you see, I do want to be completely delightful and really American when I come next time. I don't want to ape the English. You can tell the cock-eyed world I don't, Mr. Nichols.

Faithfully yours,
RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

MUSICAL EVENTS

Handy Hints About Nearby Novelties

ABOUT this time every year, I gather up the assortment of circulars which concert managers issue in behalf of their gifted clients and try to discern in these modest and unbiased pamphlets the possibilities of the new season. Sometimes I have been fairly fortunate in my clairaudient adventures, and occasionally I have played preliminary fanfares for artists who were about as interesting as the preachers of optimism on morning radio programs.

In other days, it was possible to select with reasonable expectations of accuracy at least one new concert singer and one new instrumentalist who would contribute a touch of distinction to the year's warblings and thumpings. From the handsomely printed memoranda through which I have peered so far, I cannot derive news of an impending master or mistress of *bel canto*. There will be a collection of débutants at the Metropolitan, as usual; but unless either Mme. Pons, M. Thill, or Herr Andresen turns out to be a *lieder* expert, there is no omen of any new joys for the concertgoer in the operatic roster. Lotte Lehmann, who has achieved a reputation in songs, is scheduled for the Chicago Opera, and perhaps we may know more about her here before graduation exercises occupy the concert halls.

WHATEVER the condition of the piano industry, the pianist's estate seems to be prosperous. There will be at least two new pianists of importance to be heard, and it is unsafe to limit the list. Harriet Cohen, celebrated in England for many accomplishments, not the least of which is her Baching, is at hand. We may listen for much from Miss Cohen, as she follows in the train of such expert pianistes from England as Myra Hess and Irene Scharrer. If you want a sample, you may hear her performances of Bach preludes and fugues on Columbia records.

There seems to be a deal of gossip about Carlo Zecchi, a young Italian

Barney Gallant
announces
A BLESSED EVENT
The Birth of A New Season
[*at his Continental Café*]
Tuesday Evening September 30th

During the summer Mr. Gallant, ambassador of good-will without portfolio, followed the sun even unto the Orient in a gay, albeit canny search, for talent. Empty-handed, but not daunted one jot or tittle, he faced Eastwards and there in a leafy Hollywood retreat he found

WALTER O'KEEFE

minstrel, merryandrew and master of ceremonies of pleasant memory. Using that persuasive power for which he is known he prevailed upon Sir Walter to return to the wars—AND—the better to enjoy one of the happiest collaborations in the realm of song he brought Sir Walter's co-worker,

BOBBY DOLAN,

brilliant youthful composer and his orchestra that will be *le dernier cri* in rhythmic mellow music. Divers other divertissements will aid and abet these talented young gentlemen in amusing you after the theatre. Have good old Jeeves make a note to telephone ARNOLD who will arrange reservations. Call Spring 8191

Oh Yes—Remember—We Open Sept. 30

Barney's

85 *West Third Street · N.Y.*

Then Be Our Guest For a Day

AFTER you have been with us one month, after you have discovered for yourself this finer hospitality we offer you, we insist you be our guest for a day.

We invite you to inspect our pleasant suites. Rooms are unusually large, serving pantries are equipped with electric refrigeration and other modern conveniences; radio and circulating ice water in every apartment. Studios, duplex apartments, furnished and unfurnished suites from 2 to 6 rooms, some with very attractive private terraces, are available.

And whether you come to The Park Central for a day, a month or a year, the advantages we offer are the same, our staff is so carefully trained in the art of courtesy.

You can have a canter in the park before breakfast, a plunge in our large pool fed by clear, sparkling water from an artesian well drilled 550 feet through solid rock. Then breakfast luxuriously in your own room, in the Palm Room or on the roof overlooking Central Park.

Lunch and dine in one of the three large dining rooms or private rooms where the finest food prepared by a famous chef is served. Music by the Park Central Orchestra.

Transient Accommodations

The Park Central
Residential Hotel
55th Street at 7th Ave.
Circle 8000

WHY AND HOW—BACKGAMMON!

Because you'll be a social evil without it this winter, and you'll miss a lot of fun. And with this book you can learn the game from its simplest move to its highest strategy.

At book stores, game stores, or postpaid $1.50

They may play it the French way, the Russian way, or the old way—it's all in this complete text written by an expert and illustrated with diagrams.

HARCOURT, BRACE
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

pianist, who will be heard doing many things this season. He has the misfortune of coming directly after two such violent successes as Vladimir Horowitz and José Iturbi, but from the notions of those who have heard Zecchi in Europe, I gather that he has a manner of his own.

If you like to look for untrumpeted possibilities, you may care to listen to Sidney Sukoenig, a young New Yorker who has been playing the piano in Europe and who will be brought forward emphatically in the course of the year.

THE only new conductor so far announced is Erich Kleiber, who starts the Philharmonic-Symphony season. The reports on his activities are conflicting. He seems to be a Mozart specialist, a champion of the moderns, a Straussian, and a good many other things. Whatever he is, he probably will not be dull—which, in itself, is a considerable attribute.

I have heard a few recordings of Kleiber, and although the music which he directed hardly served to demonstrate his scope, it was plain that he was a "boss" conductor—a musician with individual ideas and a good deal of force in impressing them on his men. His tempi, from the discs to which I listened, seem to be alert, and he enjoys smart contrasts in color. Apparently, we are to have with us a conductor who will keep things going, but if you ask whether he can keep things going in the direction of Carnegie Hall, I must invite you to make your own forecast. —R. A. S.

•

PENANCE

For the bitter word
I said
Now in shame
I bow my head.

For the cruel look
I cast
Now I keep
This lonely fast.

Only do not hope
To see
Any difference
In me.

I shall saunter
Past your door
Arrogantly
As before.

—MILDRED WESTON

A MILLION DOLLARS

"NOW if I had a million dollars the first thing I'd do, I'd put it in bonds and I'd leave my dough in this country."

"Waddeya mean, leave it in this country?"

"I mean, these fellers, they make all that dough right here and the first thing they do, they go to Europe and begin spending it all over Europe. If I made the money here, I think it's only right to give your own country the benefit of the money you make. After all, what did the Europeans do for you, if you made the million in this country?"

"Well, if I had a million bucks, you know what I'd do with it?"

"What?"

"I'd just sit back and take it easy."

"Waddeya mean, take it easy? How?"

"I dunno. I'd just take it easy."

"Y'know, the trouble with the fellers who have a million dollars is they ain't satisfied with just a million dollars. Oh, no. They get their money so the first thing they gotta do is to buy a big estate in a swell neighborhood. O. K. They get plenty of servants and a coupla cars and belong to some golf clubs, y'know, and right away they feel they are regalar society bigshots. So O. K. All of a suddent they find out that living next door is also a millionaire but he got two million dollars insteada one. You think that feller is gonna be satisfied with just one million when he knows that the guy next door is one up on him? Not on your life! If his neighbor has two then he gotta get another million, too."

"I dunno. If I had a million dollars I'd just take it easy."

"ANOTHER thing: charity. I think if I had all that dough I'd give some of it to charity. I'd look around, see which charity is the best and who needs it the most, and give them a cut. The trouble with them fellers is they don't do nothing but hang around and think of theirselves. No wonder they get the gout."

"Why?"

"Why they get the gout? Well, because it's the rich man's disease, that's why. All the rich men they get gout and they gotta go to Europe to take the cure and insteada spending all that money they make in this country, they gotta develop gout yet and leave the money in Europe. I don't think it's right. Believe me, if I had that money I'd certainly know what to do with it. Wouldn't you?"

"You bet. Y'know what I'd do with that dough?"

"What?"

"Well, I dunno. But there's one thing you can bet I'd do with it. I'd take it easy all right."

"ME, too. I wouldn't just sit around and do nothing, because the first thing you know you go nutty with all that money on your hands. Y'know, half them rich guys they're cuckoo just from the strain alone. It's too big a strain—thinking of all that money and about the coupons for the bonds you gotta cut off, and about how their house in Newport is getting along and should they take a villa in Europe. And then when you so rich you got people going around imitating your handwriting on cheques. Y'know, forging. Who thinks of forging a poor man? Nobody. But the rich man, they always having bad cheques forged on them. And another thing. Your relatives. Just think, if you had a million dollars how your relatives would hang around you and be nice to you in front of your face so you should leave them some money in your will. Just hanging around waiting for you to die. That's the trouble with all that money. Nice guys you never even think about, they become all of a sudden hypocrites, hanging around waiting for you to die and leave them some of your money. A coupla thousand dollars, at least. All right. Suppose you don't want them hanging around the house. So then you're stuck-up. So then they say the money has made you swell-headed and they go around telling everybody you're no good. Y'know, in a way I'm sorry I got relatives. I mean, even now without the million dollars."

"Y'KNOW what? I don't even want a million dollars. Me, I'd be satisfied with just the interest."

"Me, too. Just enough money to live on, no worries, no boss, no getting up early to go to work and then having them lace it into you downtown for being late. Take in a show from a good seat, date up one of them good-lookers, have a beautiful home, take in some of them sights in Europe. Boy, what a life! There's just one thing I'd do if I had that dough."

"What's 'at?"

"I'd take it easy. I'd just sit back and take it easy."

"You said it. That's what I'd do. I'd take it easy." —ARTHUR KOBER

Is this the man who killed poor John Riddell

Theodore Dreiser—one of Covarrubias's many caricatures in

The John Riddell Murder Case

by John Riddell (Corey Ford)

John Riddell, literary sharpshooter, was dead. Dead in his library. Cruelly and foully murdered—by boredom.

Philo Vance, Sergeant Heath, and S. S. Van Dine take charge and before Philo has finished his soul-searchin' investigation all the authors of recent best-sellers have been interviewed, and their testimony, *given in the way they write their books,* has been held against them. Thus we meet such subtle and diabolical criminals as Theodore Dreiser, Richard Halliburton, Jim Tully, Calvin Coolidge, Dr. Will Durant, Sherwood Anderson, and many another.

The various episodes in the saturnalia of crime are punctuated and interspersed with criminally effective illustrations by Covarrubias.

Your bookstore has it. $2.00

Charles Scribner's Sons · New York

138 West 58th.

CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

Modern fireproof studio apartments. Complete home units including serving pantry. Hotel service available.

1 Room—Bath—$900

Living Room
Dressing Room—Bath
$1100

CIRCLE 1034

RECENT BOOKS

Old School—Swashbuckling—Celebrities—
Savage Life—Pictures—The Feminine Mind

IT is one of those what-have-you weeks, with lots of books and a minimum of literature. So the only thing for me to do is to plunge right ahead and chronicle the appearance of a number of volumes, one of which may carry to you the message that you have long been looking for. You will find "Portrait of a Diplomatist," for instance, really superior reading, if you like something calm and substantial.

Harold Nicolson has written a record of his father's years in the diplomatic service. Sir Arthur Nicolson was one of those impeccable gentlemen whom England dispatched to foreign countries to cope with problems that were beyond mortal solution. Sir Arthur belonged to that school of diplomacy which has been roundly cursed for allowing Europe to muddle itself into a world war. These exquisite gentlemen have been disrespectfully called crooks and dunderheads.

Now Mr. Nicolson makes no obvious defence of the old diplomatist. He does something much more sensible: he traces his father's career for you, from when he was a young secretary in the Near East to the magnificence of the British Embassy in St. Petersburg. Sir Arthur's successful career is a little pathetic—he carried with him so bravely the ideals and limitations of his caste and race. He was obliged to be an outpost of civilization in the wilds of the Orient, in the mires of the Balkans, and in desert cities of North Africa.

While Sir Arthur is suffering the inconvenience of playing an uncomfortable rôle in melodramatic local politics, his filial biographer allows you to feel the momentousness of the growing struggle between an uppish England and an aggressive Germany. Sir Arthur and his fellow-workers in the diplomatic field were required to use gentlemanly tact in situations that required iron courage and bluntness. The spectacle, for instance, of enlightened gentlemen trying to cajole old Abdul-Hamid into respectable behavior is a melancholy one.

"Portrait of a Diplomatist" makes some severe demands on you, despite the suavity of its writing. You are required to know more about the inner workings of European politics than the average American has any inclination to learn. Mr. Nicolson presupposes that you have the intelligence and the interest to follow the subtleties of his hidden drama.

SO let us pass on to another sort of biography, "Henry of Navarre," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. This, thanks to the ease and simplicity of Mr. Sedgwick's style, is pleasant reading. Also—thanks to Henry of Navarre's amorous temperament—it has its moments. It is, essentially, an old, swashbuckling costume piece, clarified for modern reading and enlivened by some amusing comments on the morals of a court dominated by Catherine de Medici. Mr. Sedgwick revives for us the old letters and documents of an amazing era. He is really at his best when he is describing the farcical quarrels between Henry and his fearsome mother-in-law.

THIS week's modern Samuel Pepys is R. D. Blumenfeld, who for long years was one of James Gordon Bennett's expatriate journalists. Mr. Blumenfeld's diary, which is called "In the Days of Bicycles and Bustles," begins with the Queen's Jubilee and ends with the opening of the war—thank goodness! Naturally, there are great lapses in the journal, with whole years omitted during which, evidently, Mr. Blumenfeld never glimpsed a celebrity worth writing about.

The diary is bespattered with great names and studded with great events. Mr. Blumenfeld was a Johnny-on-the-spot whenever Their Majesties so much as took an airing in the Park. His calling forced him to pursue the great and famous, and one falls over an Important Personage in every paragraph. Nor was Mr. Blumenfeld unobservant of the miracles being enacted before his eyes. He records the fact that a Mergenthaler is monkeying with a new typesetting device, that Count Zeppelin is fooling around with balloons, and that an Italian fellow named Marconi has wireless on the brain. At times, in fact, Mr. Blumenfeld's diary reads like a boiling-down of material extracted from the files of old newspapers—not that we wish to be suspicious. It chatters on about doings in the smart world of London exactly like the foreign correspondents of one of the late Mr. Bennett's newspapers.

MARGARET MEAD continues to pry into the private lives of primitive peoples in "Growing Up in New Guinea," which is a sort of sequel to "Coming of Age in Samoa." This thing can go on forever, like the Elsie Dinsmore books, since there are so many little savages in this world who need to have their play-habits analyzed.

Personally, I found it hard to grow interested in the Manus, who live in the islands off New Guinea. As children, they are engaging because they learn to swim and paddle canoes at an early age and are so extraordinarily glib about talking back to their parents. As they grow older, however, they become the unhappy victims of tribal taboos and acquire inhibitions. Sex, in short, is practically wasted on them.

"PICTURE BOOK," by Murdock Pemberton, is a good volume on modern art, with some excellent comments on why painting and picture-selling are at a low ebb in this country. Mr. Pemberton suggests, among other things, that amateur painting should be indulged in as generally as amateur singing or piano-playing. He also points out that, what with the high cost of printing color reproductions, we have no opportunity for training our eyes to look at pictures. The book contains a number of reproductions of modern paintings, all of them, unfortunately, in black and white, except a colored frontispiece.

BAIRD LEONARD's best verses are finally gathered into an ornamental volume which has a charming introduction by Joseph Hergesheimer. Miss Leonard has the rare gift of interpreting the completely feminine mind. "I have," she tells you, "a weak but open mind." And her changes of mind are wittily and succinctly expressed. The book is called "Simple Confession."

YOU will encounter "Whither, Whither, or After Sex, What?" at every party. It is going to be very much read this season; and, what's worse, it is going to be read aloud. It is

a grand burlesque of all the current intellectual follies and it represents the work of a great gang of good humorists. Moreover, of all things, it is actually funny. —A. W. S.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

The Castle, by Franz Kafka, translated by Edwin and Willa Muir (*Knopf*). A modern allegory of a man's search for divine grace told profoundly, originally, and with sombre beauty.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield (*Stokes*). New York extravaganza which is really Robert W. Chambers dressed up with new complexes and bigger-and-better scenery.

Shrimps for Tea, by Josephine Blumenfeld (*Doubleday, Doran*). Delicate short stories, some very good and others rather feeble.

A Note in Music, by Rosamond Lehmann (*Holt*). Another excellent novel of muffled feminine emotions by the author of "Dusty Answer."

Maurice Guest, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A new edition of one of the few great modern novels.

Jenny Heysten's Career, by Jo Van Ammers-Küller (*Dutton*). Shrewd and bright story of theatrical life in Holland.

Her Father's House, by Hilda Vaughan (*Harper*). Satisfactory novel in the countryside pattern. This time the scene is Wales.

The Little Dog Laughed, by Leonard Merrick (*Dutton*). New collection of short stories for those who dote on Merrick.

The Edwardians, by V. Sackville-West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Witty and exquisitely written satire of the "fast set" of King Edward VII's reign.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley (*Harper*). Life in a London office, presented in the Dickens manner.

The Gentleman from America, by Polan Banks (*Cape & Smith*). A grandson of Ben Franklin, by the left hand, goes in for French romance. Pretty costume piece.

The Family, by François Mauriac, translated by Lewis Galantière (*Covici-Friede*). Really two novels: "The Kiss to the Leper" and "Genitrix." A work of enduring quality.

American Girl, by John R. Tunis (*Brewer & Warren*). Exploring the life of a wonder girl of tennis.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes (*Houghton Mifflin*). If you like the Gay Nineties background, you will find this story of a woman's life good reading.

Not Without Laughter, by Langston Hughes (*Knopf*). Exceptionally fine novel of Negro life.

Doctor Serocold, by Helen Ashton (*Doubleday, Doran*). The drama in the day of a country doctor. Cheerfully recommended.

The Patriot's Progress, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). A superior writer turns to the war and achieves one of the best war novels.

Mitsou, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). In which a great French novelist writes beautifully and truthfully about a war romance.

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker (*Viking*). Thirteen sketches by one who needs no introduction. An indispensable book.

Mysteries

The Charming Murder, by Frank Shay (*Macaulay*). . . . The Murderer Returns, by Edwin Dial Torgerson (*R. R. Smith*). . . . The Crime in the Dutch Garden, by Herbert Adams (*Lippincott*). . . . A-100, by Bruce Harrison (*Dutton*). . . . The Thrill of Evil, by H. Ashton-Wolfe (*Houghton Mifflin*). . . . A Book of Murder, by Frederick Irving Anderson (*Dutton*). . . . Is No One Innocent?, by Milton Herbert Gropper and Edna Sherry (*Cosmopolitan*).

General

Portrait of a Diplomatist, by Harold Nicolson (*Houghton Mifflin*). In which Mr. Nicolson writes the biography of his father, a gentleman of the old school. An inside drama of the events that contributed to the world war.

Henry of Navarre, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The story of Henry IV, who vacillated between two religions and dozens of ladies.

In the Days of Bicycles and Bustles, by R. D. Blumenfeld (*Brewer & Warren*). A journalist chatters of great names and great events.

Growing Up in New Guinea, by Margaret Mead (*Morrow*). More snooping into the private lives of savages.

Simple Confession, by Baird Leonard (*Cosmopolitan*). A woman tells what is on her mind and manages to be both honest and lyric about it. Good light verse.

Picture Book, by Murdock Pemberton (*Knopf*). Talks on modern art that are worth your while. Illustrated.

Whither, Whither, or After Sex, What? (*Macaulay*). Our best humorists grow really funny in a burlesque on modern "isms."

As I Saw It, by Alden Brooks (*Knopf*). An artillery officer writes about the war. Some new lights on the campaign of 1918, seen by a cool and able observer.

The Wreck of the Dumaru, by Lowell Thomas (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a shipwreck that drove men to cannibalism. One long shudder.

Morgan the Magnificent, by John K. Winkler (*Vanguard*). A candid biographer surveys with awe America's greatest prince.

Sailors Don't Care, by Edwin M. Lanham (*Cape & Smith*). What happens after the ship comes to port.

Baron Fritz, by Karl Federn (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The adventures of a witty and intelligent German officer. An unusually good war book.

Joseph Fouché, by Stefan Zweig (*Viking*). Exposing the soul of a politician.

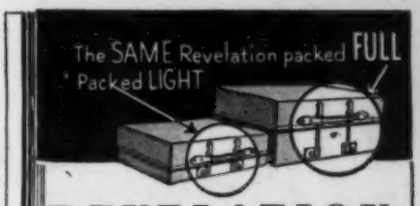
Water and Gold, by Lewis Stanton Palen and Charles G. Hedlund (*Dutton*). Seafaring, and gold-mining in Africa, with adventures that are plausible but thrilling.

Lone Cowboy, by Will James (*Scribner*). The autobiography of a cowboy and artist. Recommended.

The Outlaw Years, by Robert M. Coates (*Macaulay*). The art of murder and robbery on the Southern frontier in the early nineteenth century.

The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson, by Genevieve Taggard (*Knopf*). New and important facts about the poet. The book is exquisitely written.

Roosevelt: the Story of a Friendship, by Owen Wister (*Macmillan*). A friend's wise and sympathetic study of a great man. With some new and unconventional anecdotes about the liveliest family that ever occupied the White House.



REVELATION
ADJUSTS TO
14 DIFFERENT DEPTHS

In every leather, in every size, in every price you can get a genuine Revelation Case at Dale. This English Russet Cowhide 26" Revelation with Sesamee Locks, only $35

The "DALEKIT"
A collapsible toilet kit for men and women, in pigskin and colored genuine Morocean Leathers, oil silk lined— 9" x 6" x 3" $10

Full line of
FINE LUGGAGE, TRUNKS, HANDBAGS AND IMPORTED LEATHER GOODS

DALE
MODERN LUGGAGE
WITH THE KEYLESS LOCK
SESAMEE
369 Madison Ave., (nr. 46th St.)
NEW YORK

Hicks'
Steamer Baskets
for
Ocean Travelers
Merry Trip Box
for Week End Parties
HICKS' FAMOUS SODAS
H. HICKS & SON
INCORPORATED
675 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 53RD STREET
NEW YORK

The Buckingham

57th St. & 6th Ave.
New York City
Unequalled for Location and Appointments

Furnished and Unfurnished Suites

For Occasional or Seasonal Residence
S. Gregory Taylor, *President*

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"Mar'lyn, chile, shake yo' feet!" Grandmother's kinky-haired old furnaceman was first to educate Marilyn Miller's feet. At those same feet, a few years later, old New York laid its heart.

MARILYN MILLER

From her grandmother's cellar . . . to Ziegfeld's Roof . . . in just the twinkle of a toe. She really was the "Sally" . . . of the alley called Broadway.

How explain the miracle of Marilyn's success?...*Nature* simply blessed her with a charm all her own.

And that's the only answer to another young star's rise. OLD GOLD made its bow just four years ago. In a month it was popular. In a year, a headliner. Today it's America's fastest growing cigarette.

***Nature* again! Sun-drenched heart-leaves from *better* tobaccos. A new taste-thrill for jaded palates. A new throat-ease and freedom from coughs.**

OLD GOLDS first hopped the Pacific Ocean in March, 1929. In just three weeks after they appeared on the beach at Waikiki they were one of the four "best sellers."

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"